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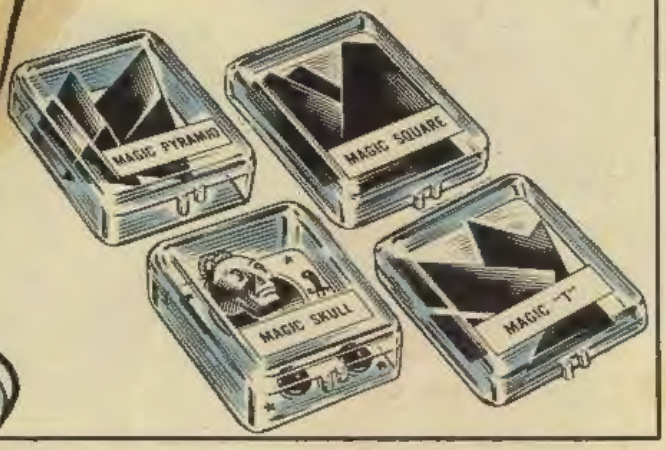

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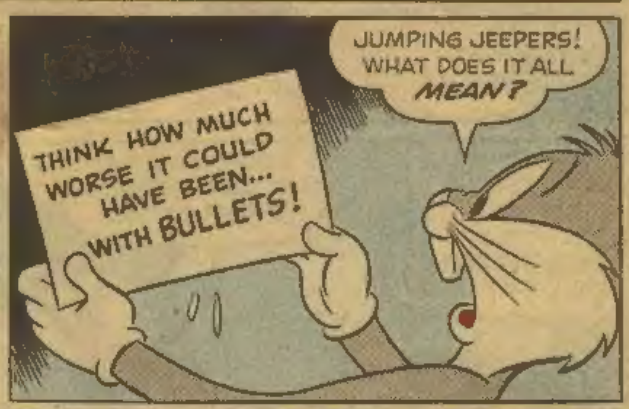
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS PRESENT

Bugs Bunny

HELP!
LOOK, BUGS! THE MARSHMALLOW MAN HAS STRUCK AGAIN!
OMIGOSH! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, ANYWAY? A GUNSLINGER THAT ONLY SHOOTS MARSHMALLOWS!



IT SEEMS SO STRANGE! HE NEVER ROBS HIS VICTIMS! WHAT'S HIS GAME, ANYWAY?
HEH! ACTUALLY IT SEEMS KIND OF HUMOROUS TO ME! I WOULDN'T MIND GETTING SHOT WITH A DELICIOUS MARSHMALLOW!

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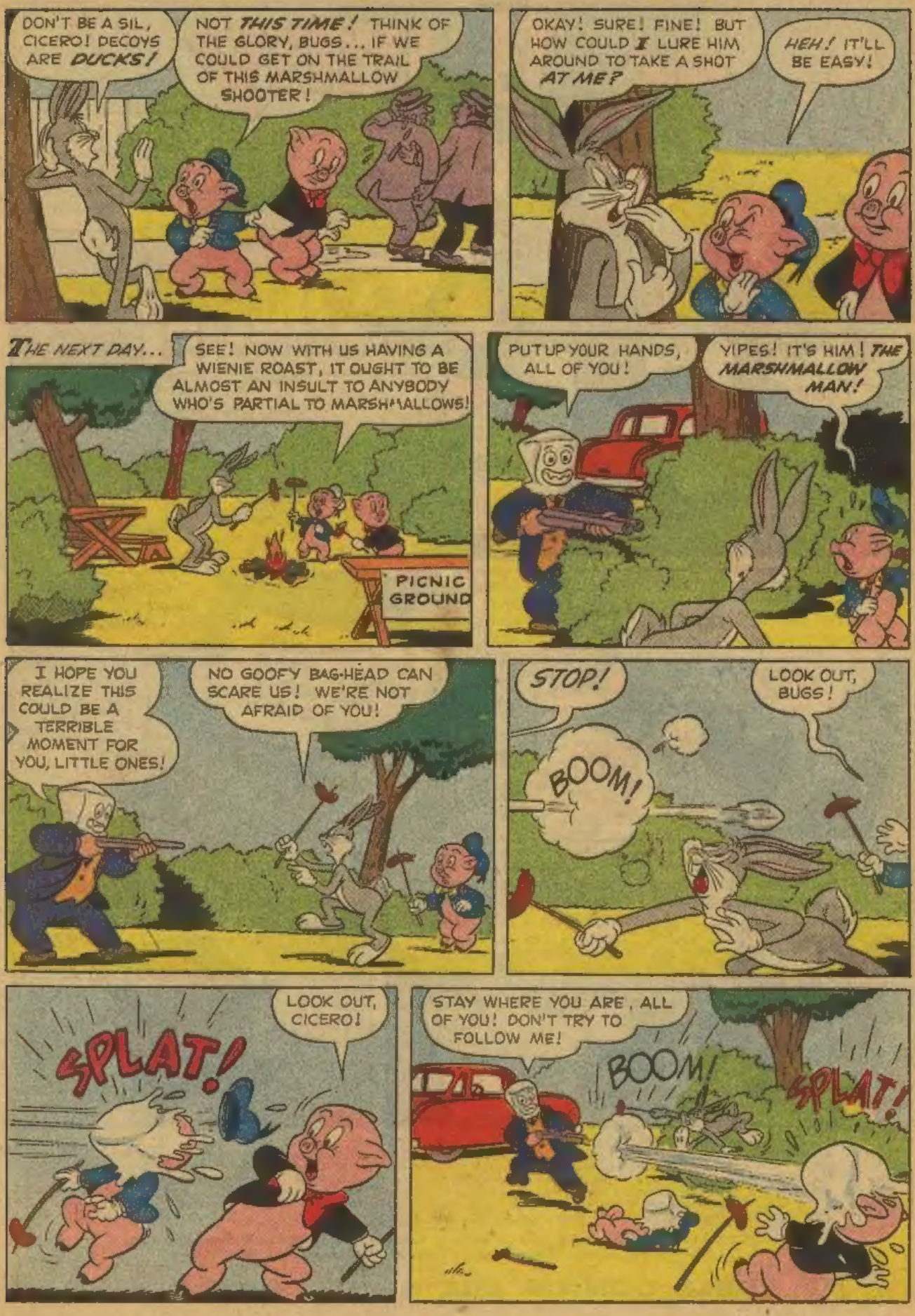
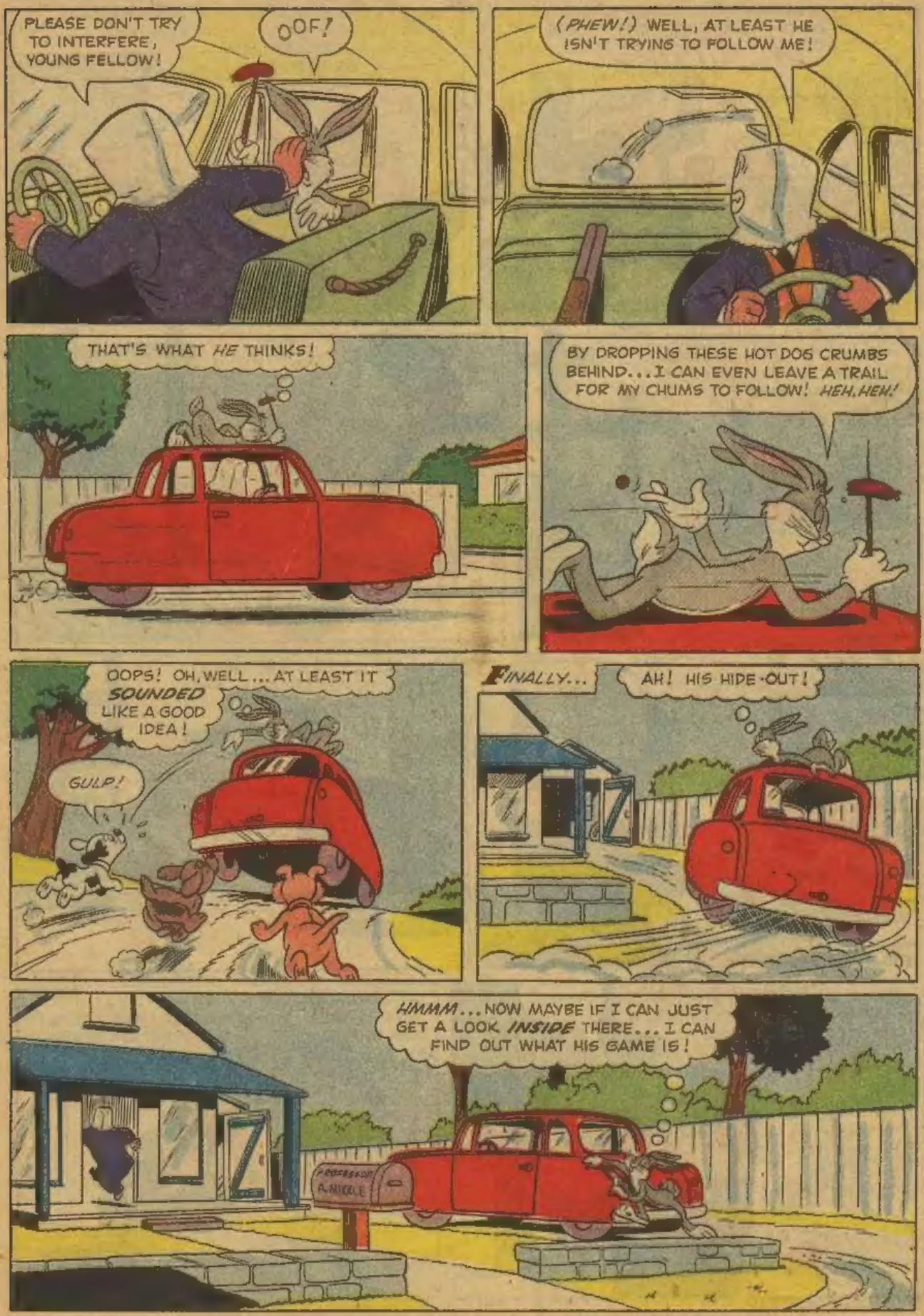
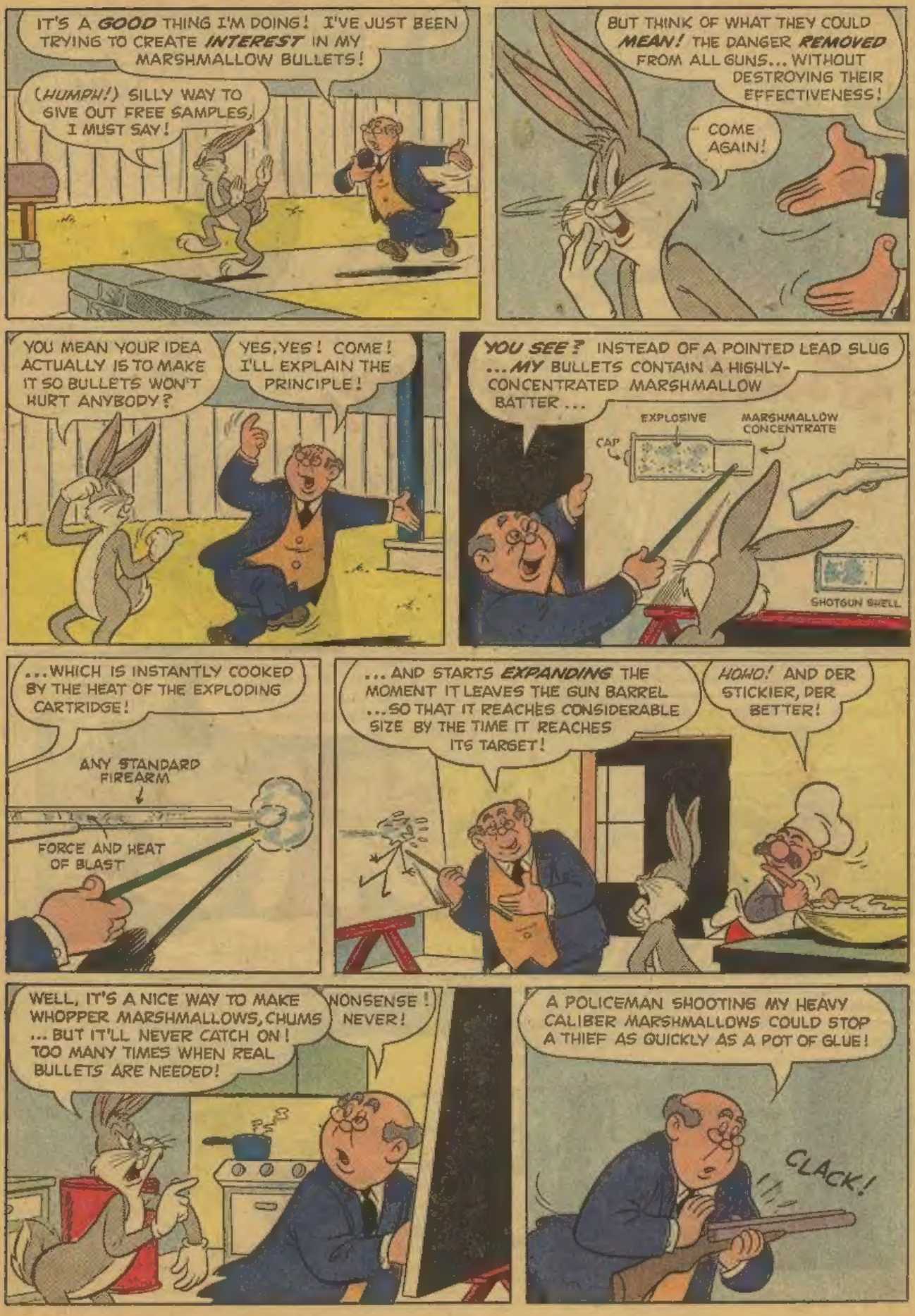

DON'T BE A SIL, CICERO! DECOYS ARE DUCKS!
NOT THIS TIME! THINK OF THE GLORY, BUGS... IF WE COULD GET ON THE TRAIL OF THIS MARSHMALLOW SHOOTER!
OKAY! SURE! FINE! BUT HOW COULD I LURE HIM AROUND TO TAKE A SHOT AT ME?
HEH! IT'LL BE EASY!
THE NEXT DAY...
SEE! NOW WITH US HAVING A WIENIE ROAST, IT OUGHT TO BE ALMOST AN INSULT TO ANYBODY WHO'S PARTIAL TO MARSHMALLOWS!
PICNIC GROUND
PUT UP YOUR HANDS, ALL OF YOU!
YIPES! IT'S HIM! THE MARSHMALLOW MAN!
I HOPE YOU REALIZE THIS COULD BE A TERRIBLE MOMENT FOR YOU, LITTLE ONES!
NO GOOFY BAG-HEAD CAN SCARE US! WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF YOU!
STOP!
LOOK OUT, BUGS!
BOOM!
LOOK OUT, CICERO!
SPLAT!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, ALL OF YOU! DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME!
BOOM!
SPLAT!


PLEASE DON'T TRY TO INTERFERE, YOUNG FELLOW!
OOF!
(PHEW!) WELL, AT LEAST HE ISN'T TRYING TO FOLLOW ME!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!
BY DROPPING THESE HOT DOG CRUMBS BEHIND... I CAN EVEN LEAVE A TRAIL FOR MY CHUMS TO FOLLOW! HEH, HEH!
OOPS! OH, WELL... AT LEAST IT SOUNDED LIKE A GOOD IDEA!
GULP!
FINALLY...
AH! HIS HIDE-OUT!
HMMM... NOW MAYBE IF I CAN JUST GET A LOOK INSIDE THERE... I CAN FIND OUT WHAT HIS GAME IS!
PROFESSOR A. NIXXLE

PROFESSOR MIKKLE! VOT HAPPENED THIS TIME?
MY DEMONSTRATIONS JUST AREN'T GOING WELL AT ALL, HANS!
SUGAR
YOU'D THINK FOLKS WOULD BE RELIEVED... HAPPY...TO FIND THEY HAVE BEEN SHOT ONLY BY A MARSHMALLOW... BUT NO!
IT JUST MAKES THEM ANGRY!
HOW CAN I DEMONSTRATE THE SAFETY OF MY MARSHMALLOW BULLETS... IF NO ONE SEEMS TO GET THE POINT?
OOPS!
WHAT'S THAT?
SOMEBODY OUTSIDE!
IT'S THE RABBIT WHO TRIED TO FOLLOW ME!
TRIED TO, DOC... IT OUGHT TO BE PRETTY OBVIOUS I DID!
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, MISTER MARSHMALLOW MENACE!... BUT I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOUR NEXT VISITORS ARE THE POLICE!
OH, NO!
AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T GET TO MESS ME UP!
NO! WAIT! YOU MUSTN'T MAKE TROUBLE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!


IT'S A GOOD THING I'M DOING! I'VE JUST BEEN TRYING TO CREATE INTEREST IN MY MARSHMALLOW BULLETS!
(HUMPH!) SILLY WAY TO GIVE OUT FREE SAMPLES, I MUST SAY!
BUT THINK OF WHAT THEY COULD MEAN! THE DANGER REMOVED FROM ALL GUNS... WITHOUT DESTROYING THEIR EFFECTIVENESS!
COME AGAIN!
YOU MEAN YOUR IDEA ACTUALLY IS TO MAKE IT SO BULLETS WON'T HURT ANYBODY?
YES, YES! COME! I'LL EXPLAIN THE PRINCIPLE!
YOU SEE? INSTEAD OF A POINTED LEAD SLUG ...MY BULLETS CONTAIN A HIGHLY-CONCENTRATED MARSHMALLOW BATTER ...
EXPLOSIVE
MARSHMALLOW CONCENTRATE
CAP
SHOTGUN SHELL
...WHICH IS INSTANTLY COOKED BY THE HEAT OF THE EXPLODING CARTRIDGE!
ANY STANDARD FIREARM
FORCE AND HEAT OF BLAST
... AND STARTS EXPANDING THE MOMENT IT LEAVES THE GUN BARREL ...SO THAT IT REACHES CONSIDERABLE SIZE BY THE TIME IT REACHES ITS TARGET!
HOHO! AND DER STICKIER, DER BETTER!
WELL, IT'S A NICE WAY TO MAKE WHOPPER MARSHMALLOWS, CHUMS ... BUT IT'LL NEVER CATCH ON! TOO MANY TIMES WHEN REAL BULLETS ARE NEEDED!
NONSENSE! NEVER!
A POLICEMAN SHOOTING MY HEAVY CALIBER MARSHMALLOWS COULD STOP A THIEF AS QUICKLY AS A POT OF GLUE!
CLACK!

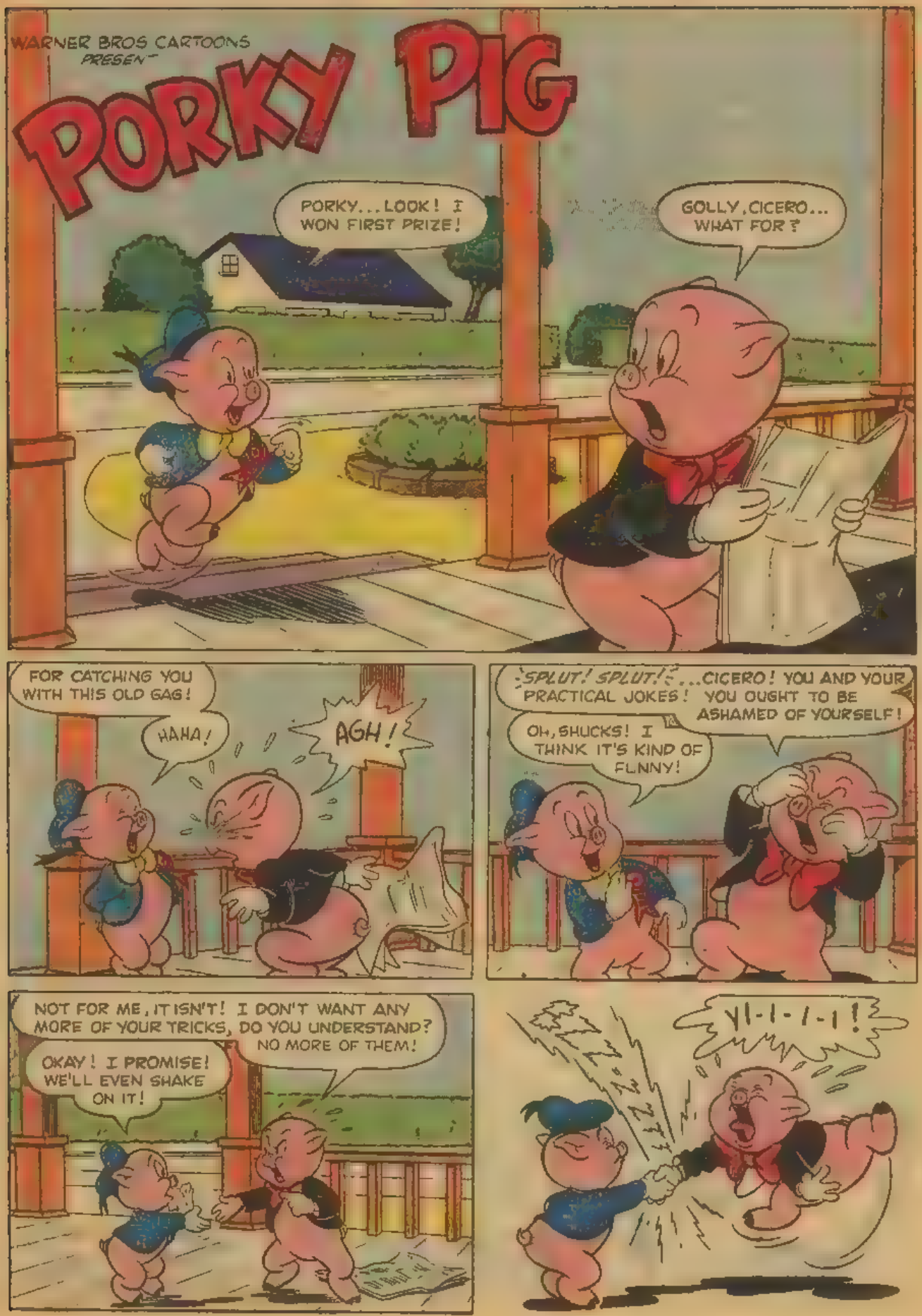
AND EVEN DUCK HUNTERS WILL NOT MISS OUT ON ANY OF THEIR SPORT! WATCH! I'LL SHOW YOU!
BOOM!
SPLAT!
KERPLUNK!
MIGOSH! IT DOWNED HIM, ALL RIGHT!
GET ME OUT OF THIS GOO! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? UNHAND ME, VILLAINS!
DAFFY! THE PROF WAS JUST DEMONSTRATING HIS MARSHMALLOW BULLETS!
THE IDEA IS THEY WON'T HURT ANYBODY!
HMMM... A TRIFLE MESSY BUT I'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT WAS MORE COMFY THAN BUCKSHOT!
OH, BOY! WAIT TILL THE BOYS IN THE DUCKPOND HEAR ABOUT THIS! WOO! WOO! I'M A MARSHMALLOW FLOAT!
PROF, I'M CONVINCED!
YESSIR! SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA HERE... BUT DON'T GO DEMONSTRATING AROUND TOWN ANY MORE! CITY FOLKS ARE SO SUSPICIOUS ABOUT GETTING SHOT!
BUT I MUST DO SOMETHING TO MAKE PEOPLE REALIZE WHAT A BLESSING MY MARSHMALLOW BULLETS COULD BE!

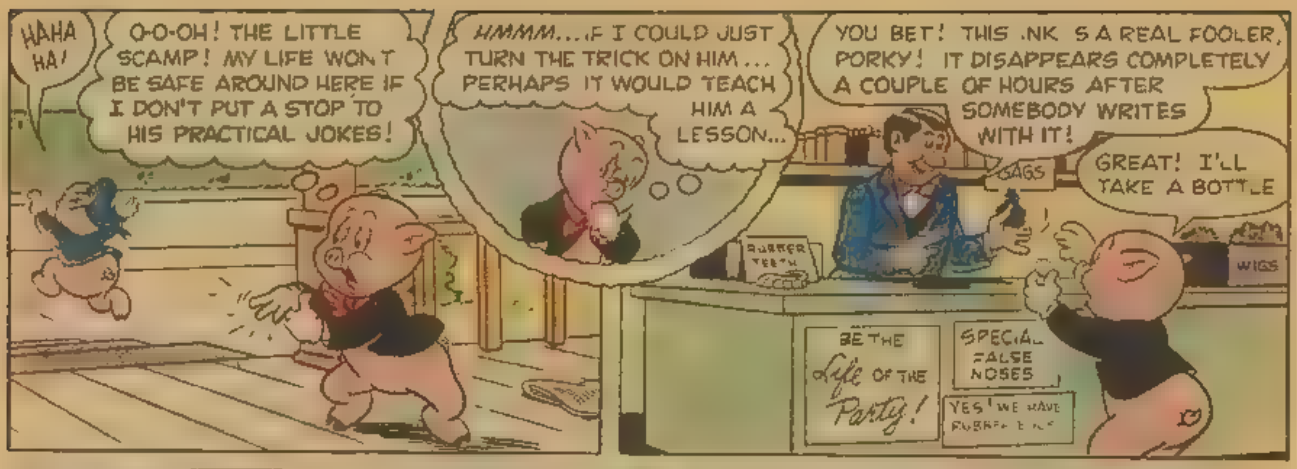
I KNOW ONE PLACE WHERE THEY'D DO SOME GOOD! UP THE ROAD THERE AT HOT FEUD HOLLOW... WITH THOSE FEUDING MOUNTAINEERS!
?
THEY'RE BOUND TO BE INTERESTED IN BULLETS... HEH... THAT DON'T PUT THEM OUT OF THE FEUD FOR GOOD!
WHY, YES! I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT!
COME ON! GRAB SOME FREE SAMPLES, AND LET'S GET UP THERE!
HOT FEUD HOLLOW, HERE WE COME!
OH, GOSH! THEY SHOULDN'T GO THERE! THEY'LL NEVER COME OUT ALIVE!
SOON...
DON'T MOVE, STRANGERS! WE DON'T TOLERATE OUTLANDERS INTERFERIN' WITH OUR FEUDING!
IF YA GOT ANY LAST WORDS... BETTER SAY 'EM QUICK!
OH, NO! DON'T! WE JUST BROUGHT YOU SOME SAMPLES OF... ER... THE LATEST THING IN NEW BULLETS!
EH? NEW BULLETS?
HOHO! GIVE 'EM HERE! DON'T LET THOSE PLATFIELDS HAVE 'EM!

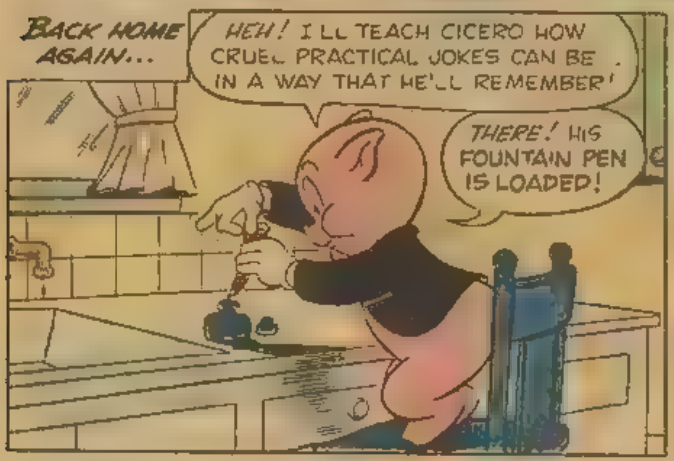
OH, NO, YOU DON'T, McGOYS! THOSE NEW BULLETS ARE FOR US!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, LUKE PLATFIELD!
I GOT SOME!
LEGGO! THOSE ARE MINE!
I GOT SOME!
NOW RUN FER COVER!
WE'RE READY FER YA, PLATFIELDS!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING, CHUMS! THIS'LL BE THE MOST ENJOYABLE FEUDING FIGHT EVER! HEE, HEE! EVERYBODY, READY... AIM... FIRE!
NO, BUGS! LOOK OUT!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
YI! THOSE AREN'T MARSHMALLOWS!
BUGS! YOU FORGOT! THEY EACH HAD A REAL BULLET LEFT IN THEIR GUNS!
(GULP!) WHY DO I ALWAYS FORGET DETAILS LIKE THAT?
CLICK!
CLICK
BUT... OH, WELL... THEY'RE LOADING UP WITH THE... HEH... NEW BULLETS NOW!
YES! I DARE SAY THE NEXT ROUND WILL BE ...HEH... SOMEWHAT OF A SURPRISE TO THEM!
YEH... BUT JEEPERS... NO USE WAITING! I'LL HURRY THINGS UP!

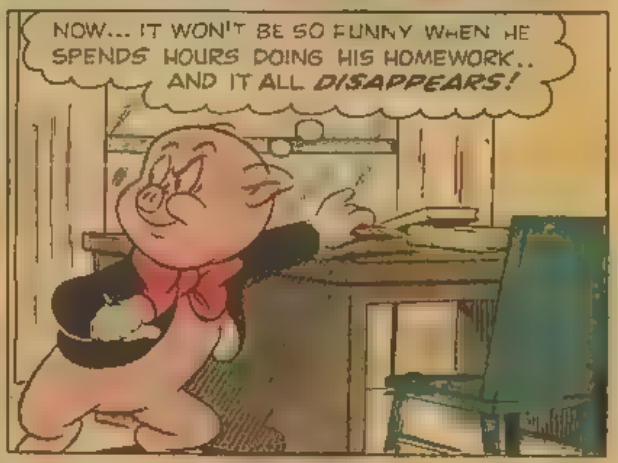
PSST! HEY, PLATFIELD! TH S WAY F YOU WANT TO SURPR SE A McGOY.
HOHO! I'M WITH YA, RABBIT!
PSST! HEY, McGOY. COME ON... IF YOU WANT TO SURPRISE A PLATFIELD.
HAW! YOU BET'CHA, B NNY!
GASP!
GASP!
BOOM!
BOOM!
?
?
WELL, THERE YOU ARE, GENTS! YOU'D BOTH BE OUT OF TH S FEUD FOR GOOD IF THOSE HADN'T BEEN MARSHMALLOW BULLETS!
MOMENTS LATER
BOOM! BOOM! BAM!
SEE! I TOLD YOU! THERE'S THE CAR! BUGS WAS IN IT!
THOSE MOUNTAIN FEUDERS ARE HAVING ANOTHER BATTLE!
HAW! HAW! THESE MARSHMALLER BULLETS SHORE DO SPARK UP A FEUD.
GIVES IT A WHOLE NEW FLAVOR!
BOOM!
SMACK! SMACK!
YA SHORE DON'T GO HUNGRY FER LONG! (GULP!)
HIYA, CHUMS! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BUGS!
WHAT'S GO NG ON OVER HERE?
JUST A SORT OF TRYOUT RUN. THE BOYS ARE SOLD ON THE PROF'S MARSHMALLOW BULLETS NOW, THOUGH!
HEH...AND IF THEY CAN TAKE THE LEAD OUT OF HOT FEUD HOLLOW, SHERIFF ...THEY OUGHT TO BE GOOD ANYWHERE!
MARSHMALLOW BULLETS? YOU MEAN HE'S THE...
YEP PROFESSOR MIKKLE S THE ONE! BUT HE WAS JUST SHOOTING PEOPLE TO SHOW HOW MUCH, BETTER IT IS... HEH...WITH MARSHMALLOWS!
NO ONE EVER GOT HURT BY A MARSHMALLOW!
OH!
MARSHMALLOW BULLETS! WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE POLICE BOARD ABOUT THIS!
OH, PLEASE DO, OFFICER! WE MUST DO AWAY WITH ALL THE DANGEROUS BULLETS OF THE WORLD!
NOW YOU RE TALKING, GENTS. BUT LET S TRY TO PUSH THE IDEA THROUGH QUICK...HUH? AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! IT'S A PERSONAL MATTER WITH ME!
PERSONAL, BUGS?
?
YES, S.R! AND URGENT! IF WE'RE GOING TO SW NG EVERYBODY OVER TO MARSHMALLOW BULLETS...
...I WANT IT TO HAPPEN BEFORE RABBIT HUNTING SEASON ROLLS AROUND AGAIN!

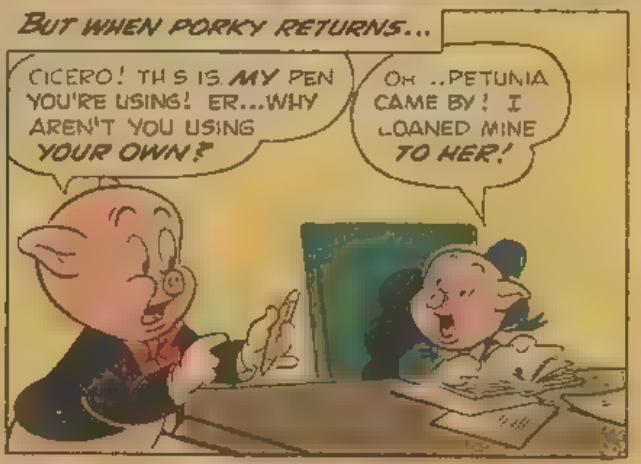

WARNER BROS CARTOONS
PRESENT
PORKY PIG
PORKY...LOOK! I WON FIRST PRIZE!
GOLLY, CICERO... WHAT FOR?
FOR CATCHING YOU WITH THIS OLD GAG!
HAHA!
AGH!
SPLUT! SPLUT!...CICERO! YOU AND YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!
OH, SHUCKS! I THINK IT'S KIND OF FUNNY!
NOT FOR ME, IT ISN'T! I DON'T WANT ANY MORE OF YOUR TRICKS, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? NO MORE OF THEM!
OKAY! I PROMISE! WE'LL EVEN SHAKE ON IT!
YI-I-I-I!
ZZZZZZ

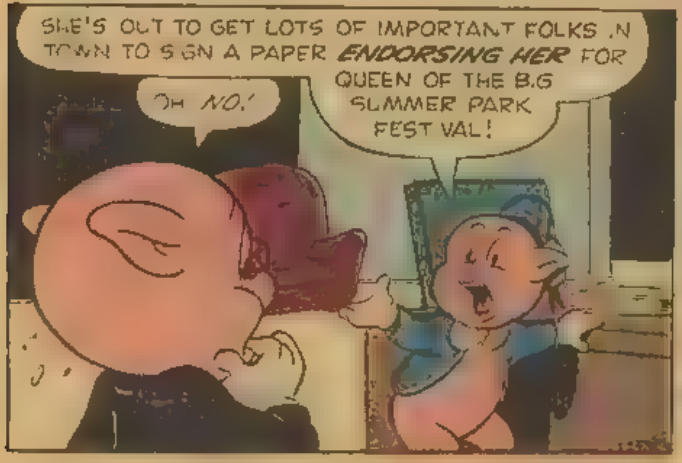

HAHA HA!
O-O-OH! THE LITTLE SCAMP! MY LIFE WON'T BE SAFE AROUND HERE IF I DON'T PUT A STOP TO HIS PRACTICAL JOKES!
HMMM... IF I COULD JUST TURN THE TRICK ON HIM... PERHAPS IT WOULD TEACH HIM A LESSON...
YOU BET! THIS INK IS A REAL FOOLER, PORKY! IT DISAPPEARS COMPLETELY A COUPLE OF HOURS AFTER SOMEBODY WRITES WITH IT!
GREAT! I'LL TAKE A BOTTLE
RUBBER TEETH
WIGS
BE THE Life OF THE Party!
SPECIAL FALSE NOSES

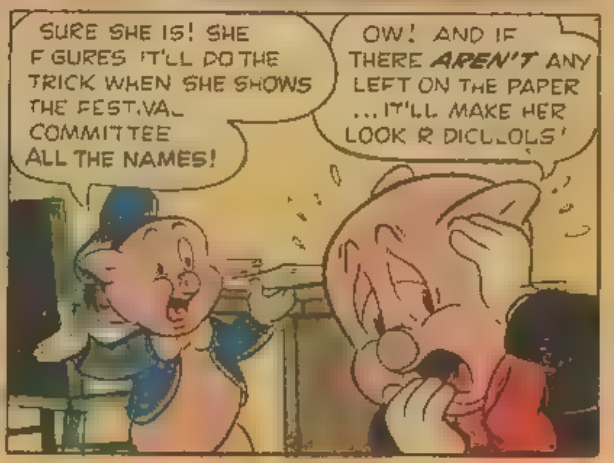

BACK HOME AGAIN...
HEH! I'LL TEACH CICERO HOW CRUEL PRACTICAL JOKES CAN BE IN A WAY THAT HE'LL REMEMBER!
THERE! HIS FOUNTAIN PEN IS LOADED!

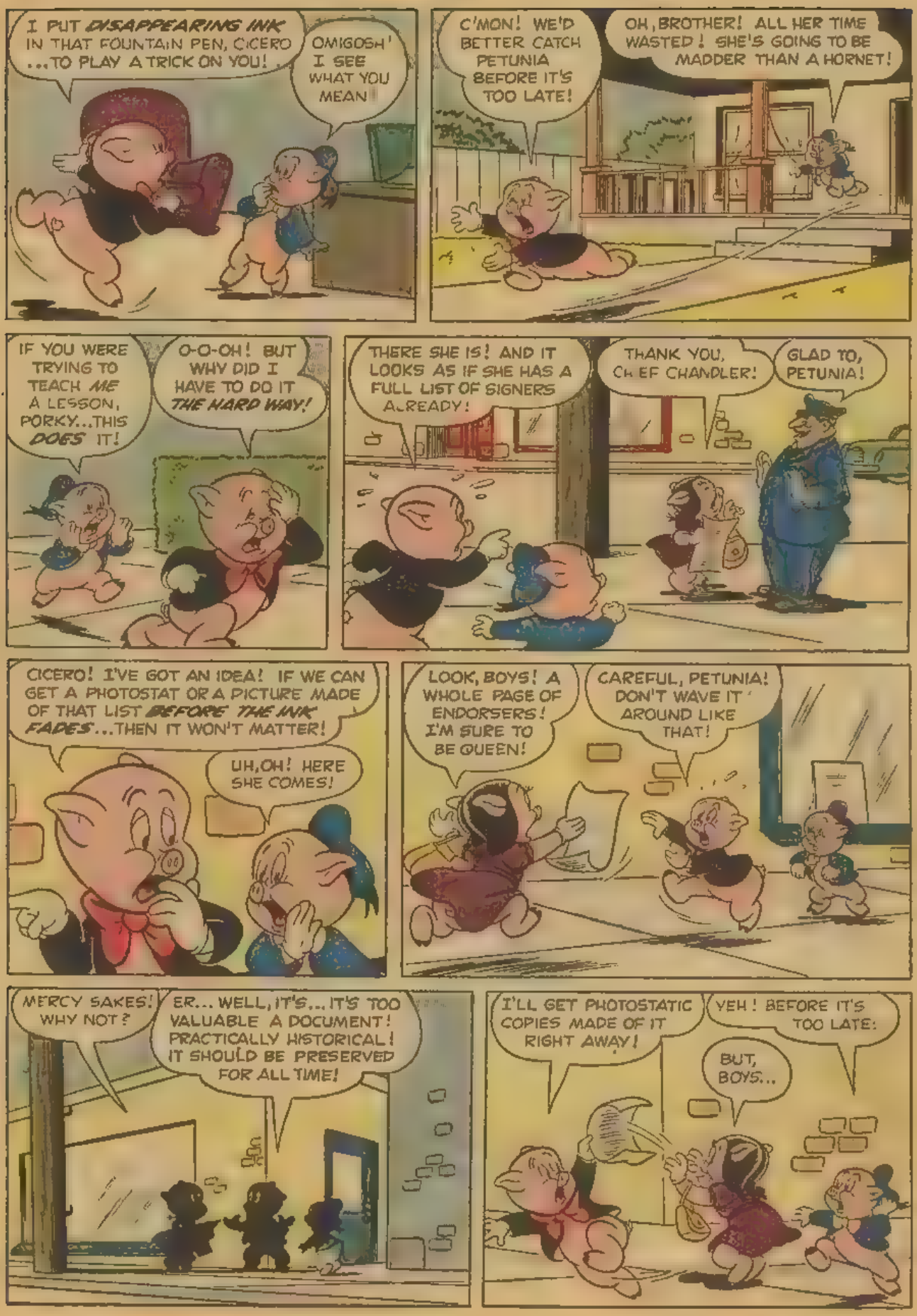

NOW... IT WON'T BE SO FUNNY WHEN HE SPENDS HOURS DOING HIS HOMEWORK.. AND IT ALL DISAPPEARS!

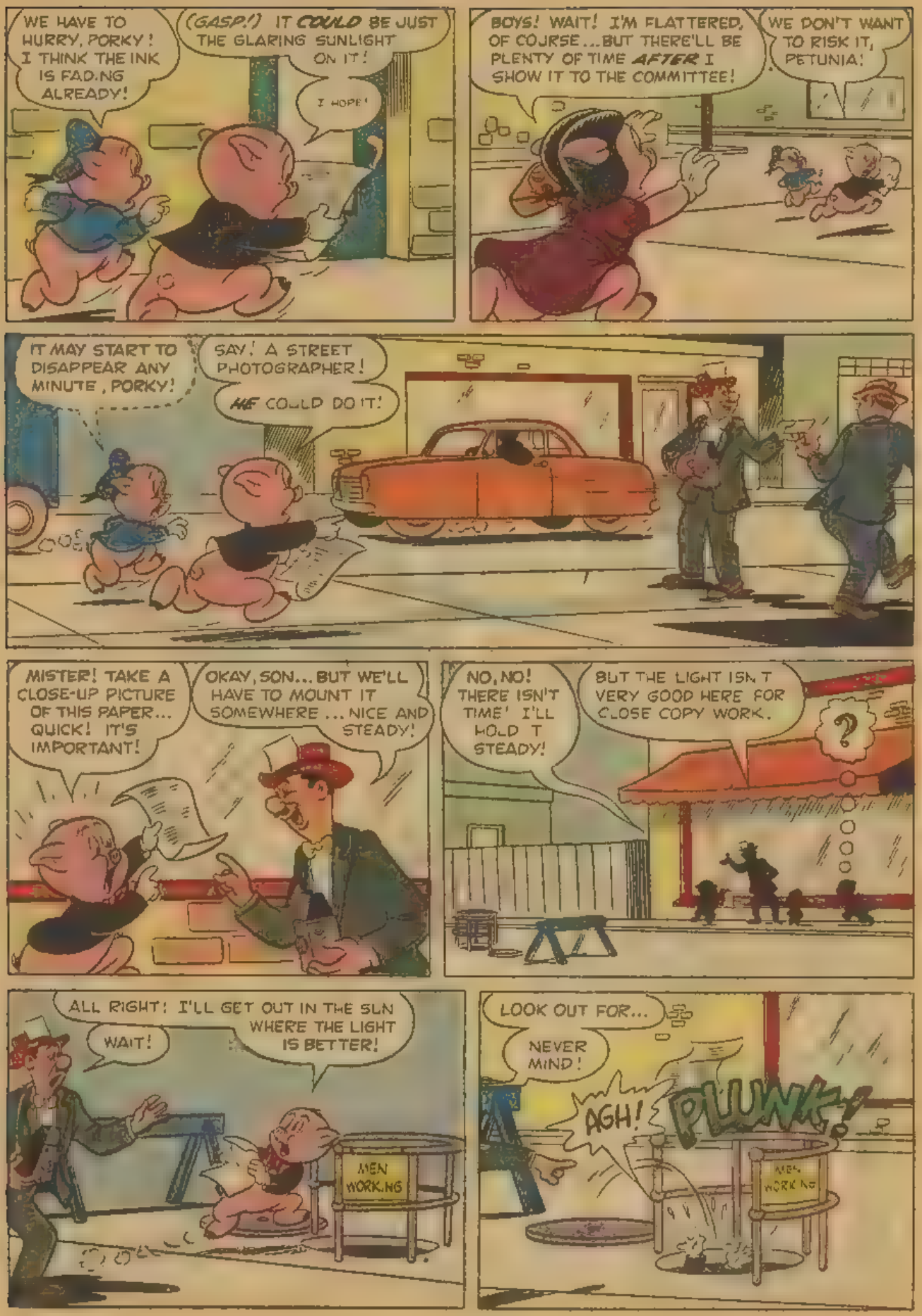
OH, CICERO! I'M GOING OVER TO ELMER FUDD'S HOUSE... BUT I EXPECT TO SEE YOUR HOMEWORK FINISHED WHEN I GET BACK
OKAY! I'LL DO IT!
AND IN INK, REMEMBER!

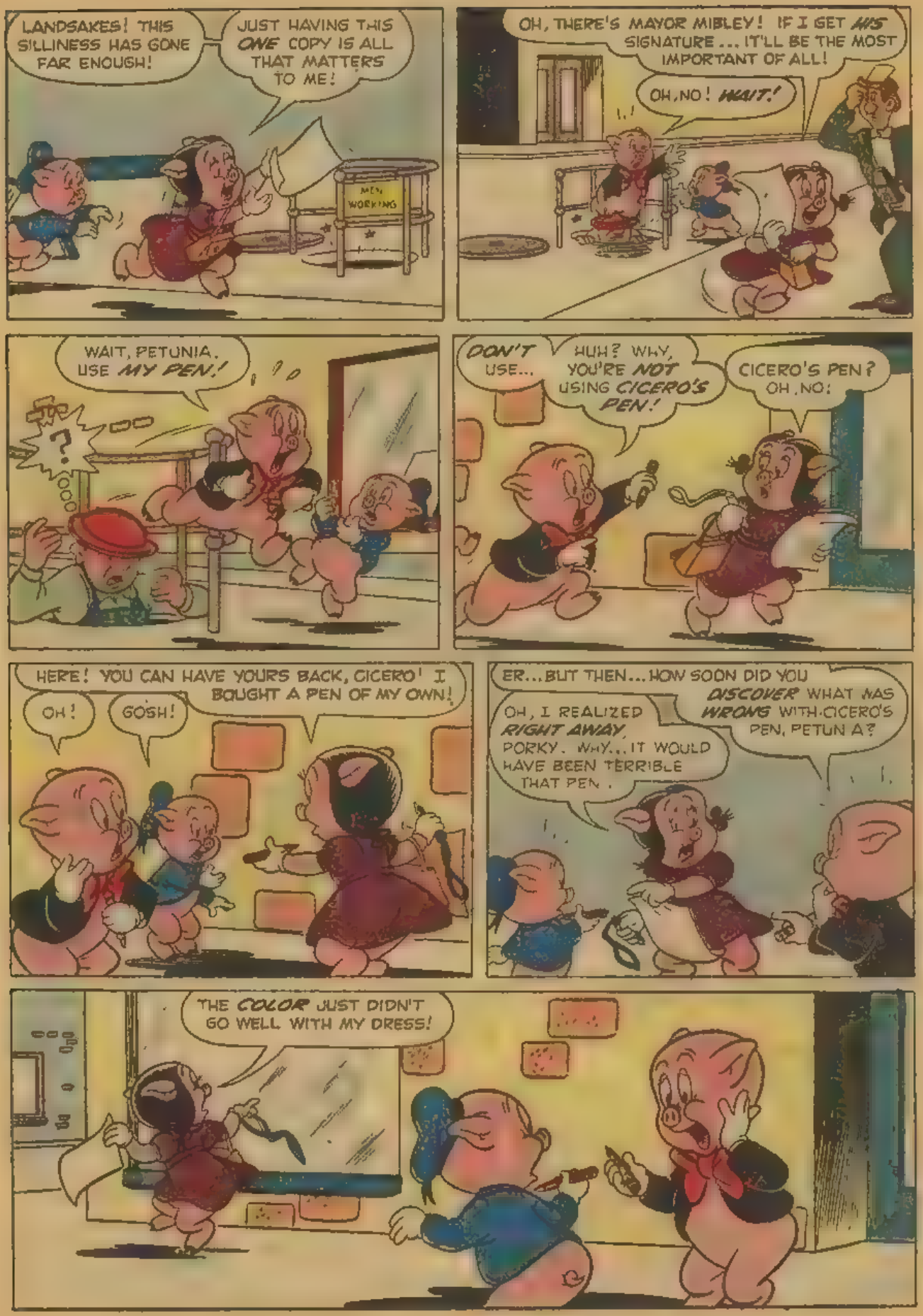

BUT WHEN PORKY RETURNS...
CICERO! THIS IS MY PEN YOU'RE USING! ER...WHY AREN'T YOU USING YOUR OWN?
OH ..PETUNIA CAME BY! I LOANED MINE TO HER!


SHE'S OUT TO GET LOTS OF IMPORTANT FOLKS IN TOWN TO SIGN A PAPER ENDORSING HER FOR QUEEN OF THE BIG SUMMER PARK FESTIVAL!
OH NO!

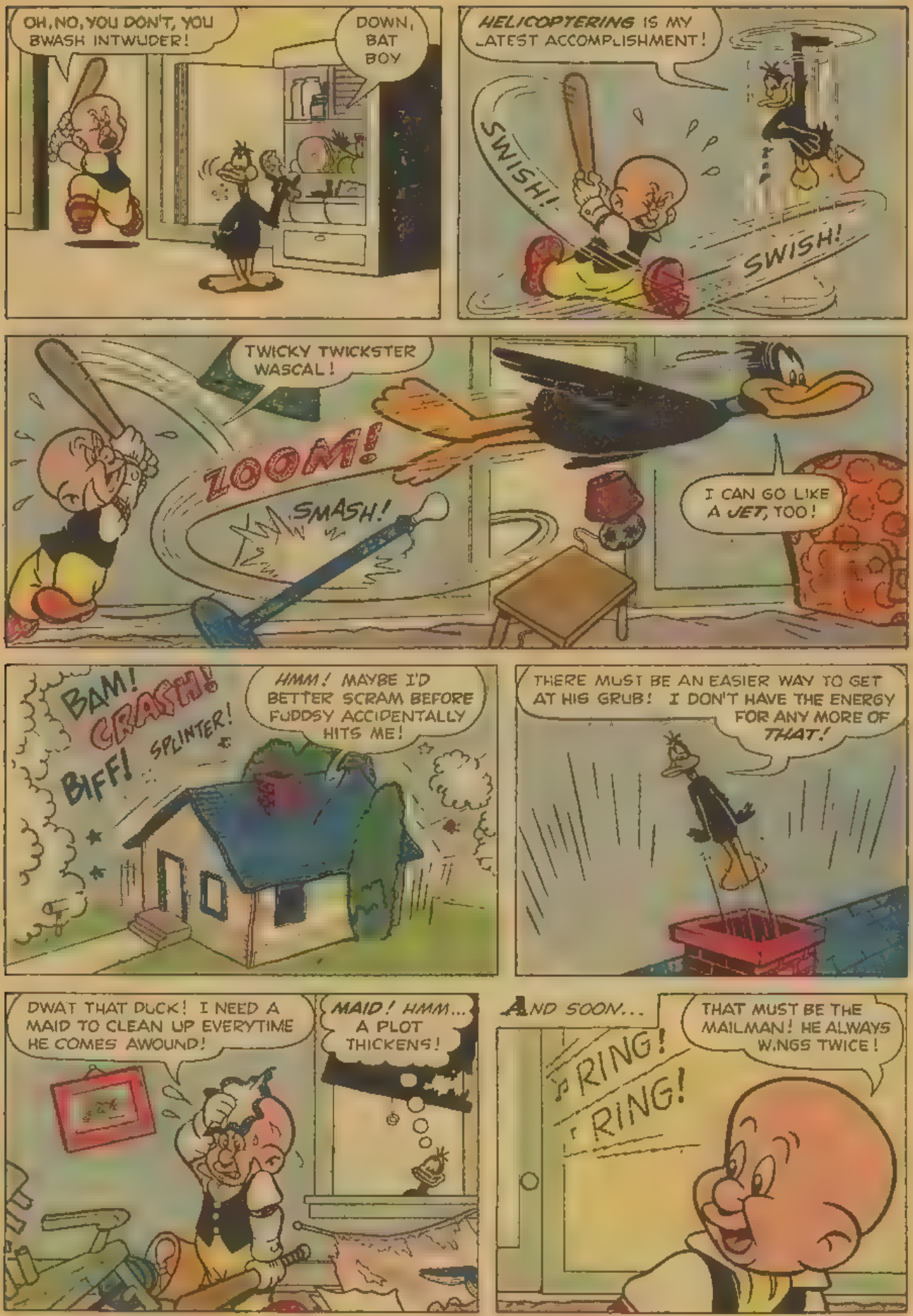

SURE SHE IS! SHE FIGURES IT'LL DO THE TRICK WHEN SHE SHOWS THE FESTIVAL COMMITTEE ALL THE NAMES!
OW! AND IF THERE AREN'T ANY LEFT ON THE PAPER ...IT'LL MAKE HER LOOK RIDICULOUS!

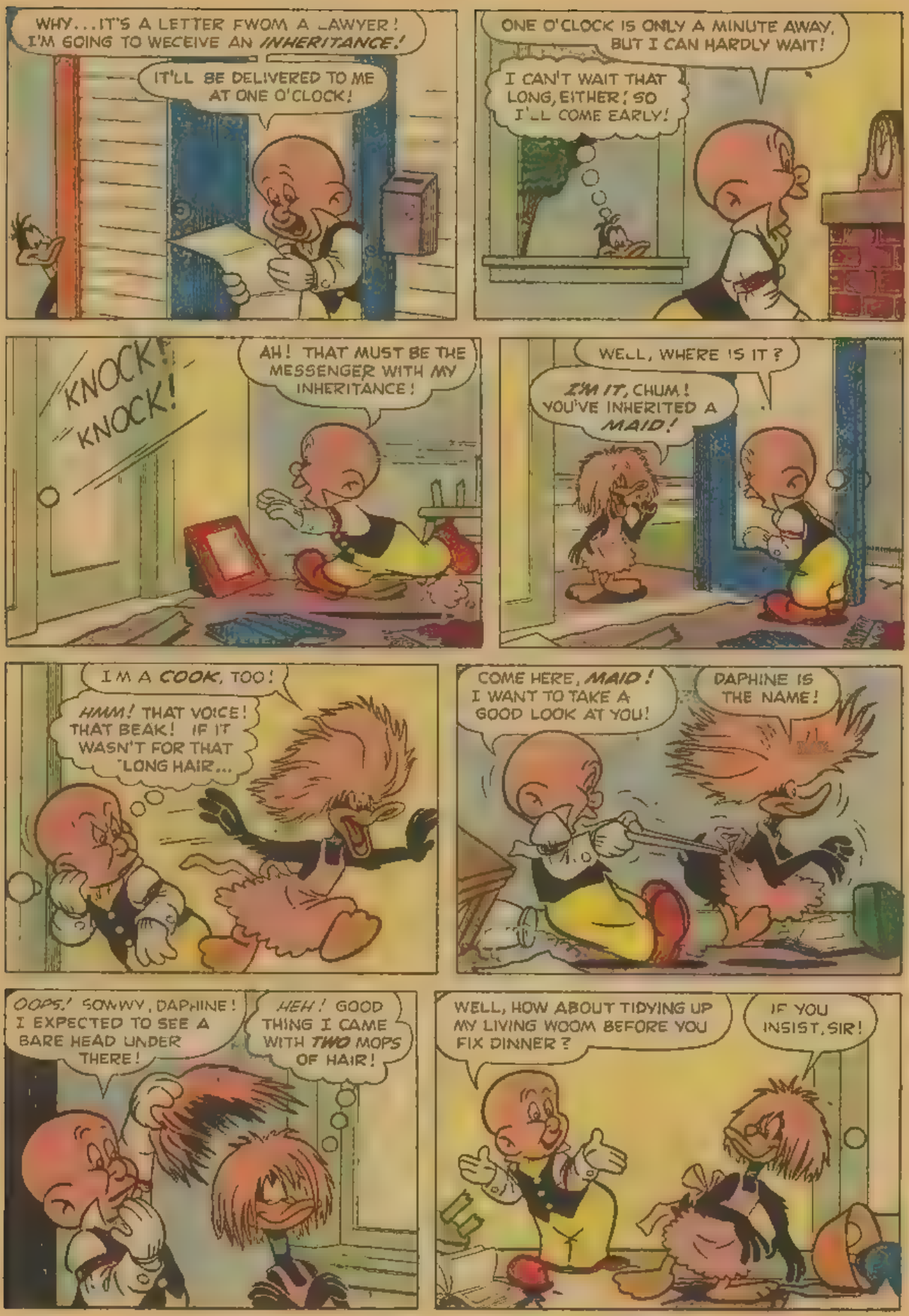

I PUT DISAPPEARING INK IN THAT FOUNTAIN PEN, CICERO ...TO PLAY A TRICK ON YOU!
OMIGOSH! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!
C'MON! WE'D BETTER CATCH PETUNIA BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
OH, BROTHER! ALL HER TIME WASTED! SHE'S GOING TO BE MADDER THAN A HORNET!
IF YOU WERE TRYING TO TEACH ME A LESSON, PORKY...THIS DOES IT!
O-O-OH! BUT WHY DID I HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY!
THERE SHE IS! AND IT LOOKS AS IF SHE HAS A FULL LIST OF SIGNERS ALREADY!
THANK YOU, CHIEF CHANDLER!
GLAD TO, PETUNIA!
CICERO! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IF WE CAN GET A PHOTOSTAT OR A PICTURE MADE OF THAT LIST BEFORE THE INK FADES...THEN IT WON'T MATTER!
UH, OH! HERE SHE COMES!
LOOK, BOYS! A WHOLE PAGE OF ENDORSERS! I'M SURE TO BE QUEEN!
CAREFUL, PETUNIA! DON'T WAVE IT AROUND LIKE THAT!
MERCY SAKES! WHY NOT?
ER... WELL, IT'S... IT'S TOO VALUABLE A DOCUMENT! PRACTICALLY HISTORICAL! IT SHOULD BE PRESERVED FOR ALL TIME!
I'LL GET PHOTOSTATIC COPIES MADE OF IT RIGHT AWAY!
YEH! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
BUT, BOYS...

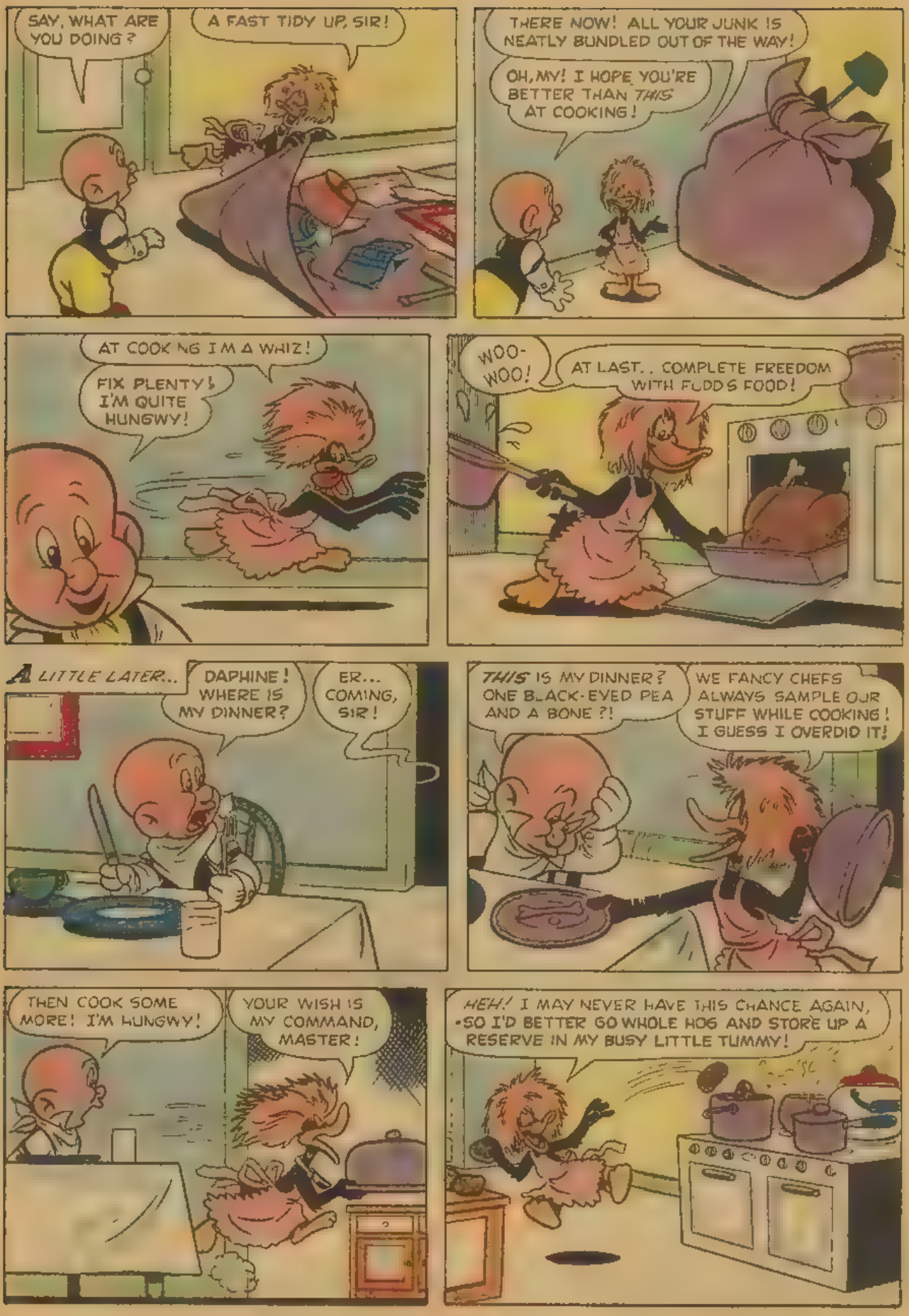

WE HAVE TO HURRY, PORKY! I THINK THE INK IS FAD.NG ALREADY!
(GASP!) IT COULD BE JUST THE GLARING SUNLIGHT ON IT!
I HOPE!
BOYS! WAIT! I'M FLATTERED, OF COURSE... BUT THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME AFTER I SHOW IT TO THE COMMITTEE!
WE DON'T WANT TO RISK IT, PETUNIA!
IT MAY START TO DISAPPEAR ANY MINUTE, PORKY!
SAY! A STREET PHOTOGRAPHER!
HE COULD DO IT!
MISTER! TAKE A CLOSE-UP PICTURE OF THIS PAPER... QUICK! IT'S IMPORTANT!
OKAY, SON... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MOUNT IT SOMEWHERE ... NICE AND STEADY!
NO, NO! THERE ISN'T TIME! I'LL HOLD T STEADY!
BUT THE LIGHT ISN T VERY GOOD HERE FOR CLOSE COPY WORK.
?
ALL RIGHT! I'LL GET OUT IN THE SUN WHERE THE LIGHT IS BETTER!
WAIT!
MEN WORK.NG
LOOK OUT FOR...
NEVER MIND!
AGH!
PLUNK!
MEN WORK.NG

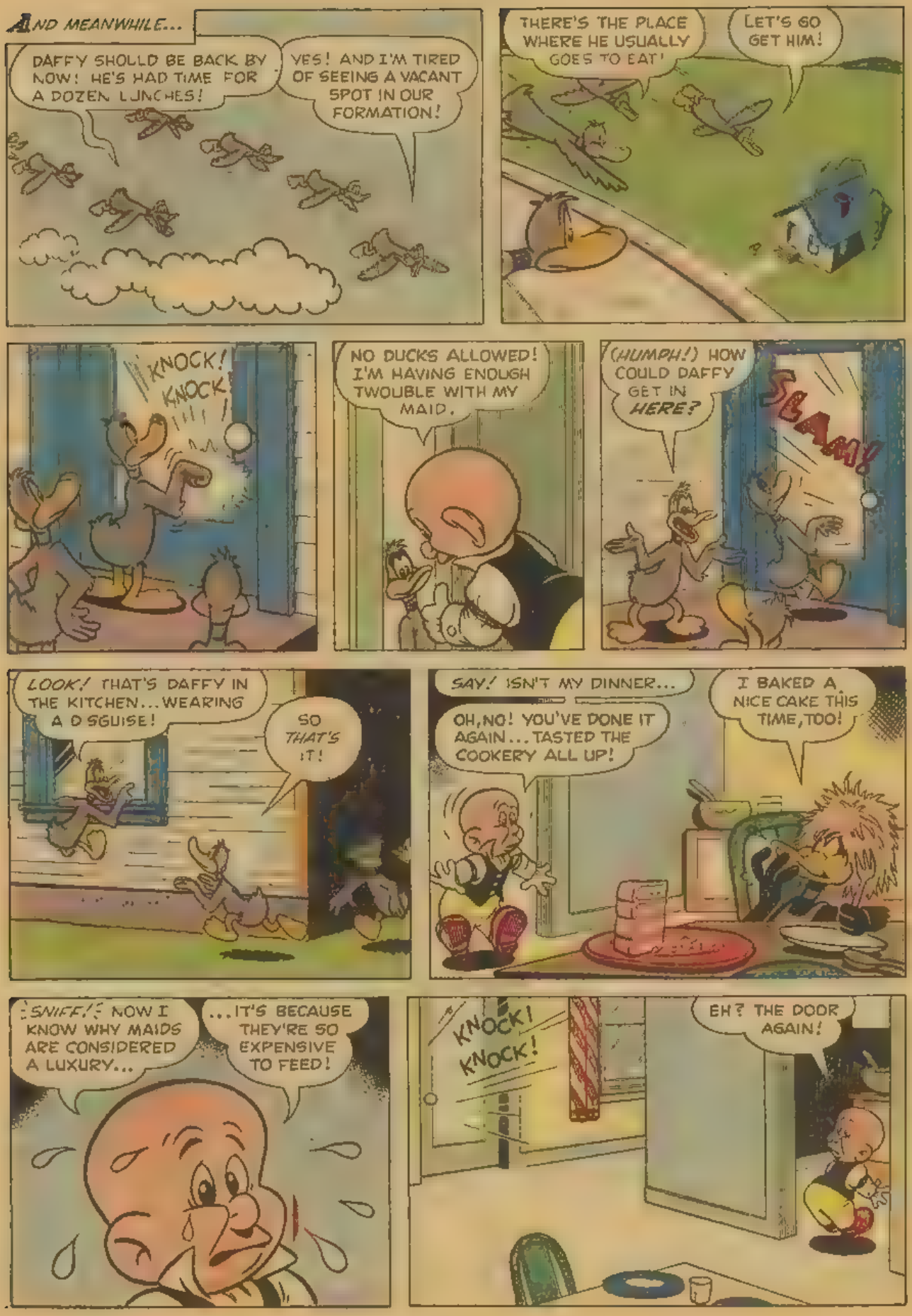

LANDSAKES! THIS SILLINESS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
JUST HAVING THIS ONE COPY IS ALL THAT MATTERS TO ME!
MEN WORKING
OH, THERE'S MAYOR MIBLEY! IF I GET HIS SIGNATURE ... IT'LL BE THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL!
OH, NO! WAIT!
WAIT, PETUNIA. USE MY PEN!
?
DON'T USE...
HUH? WHY, YOU'RE NOT USING CICERO'S PEN!
CICERO'S PEN? OH, NO!
HERE! YOU CAN HAVE YOURS BACK, CICERO! I BOUGHT A PEN OF MY OWN!
OH!
GOSH!
ER... BUT THEN... HOW SOON DID YOU DISCOVER WHAT WAS WRONG WITH CICERO'S PEN, PETUNIA?
OH, I REALIZED RIGHT AWAY, PORKY. WHY... IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TERRIBLE THAT PEN.
THE COLOR JUST DIDN'T GO WELL WITH MY DRESS!

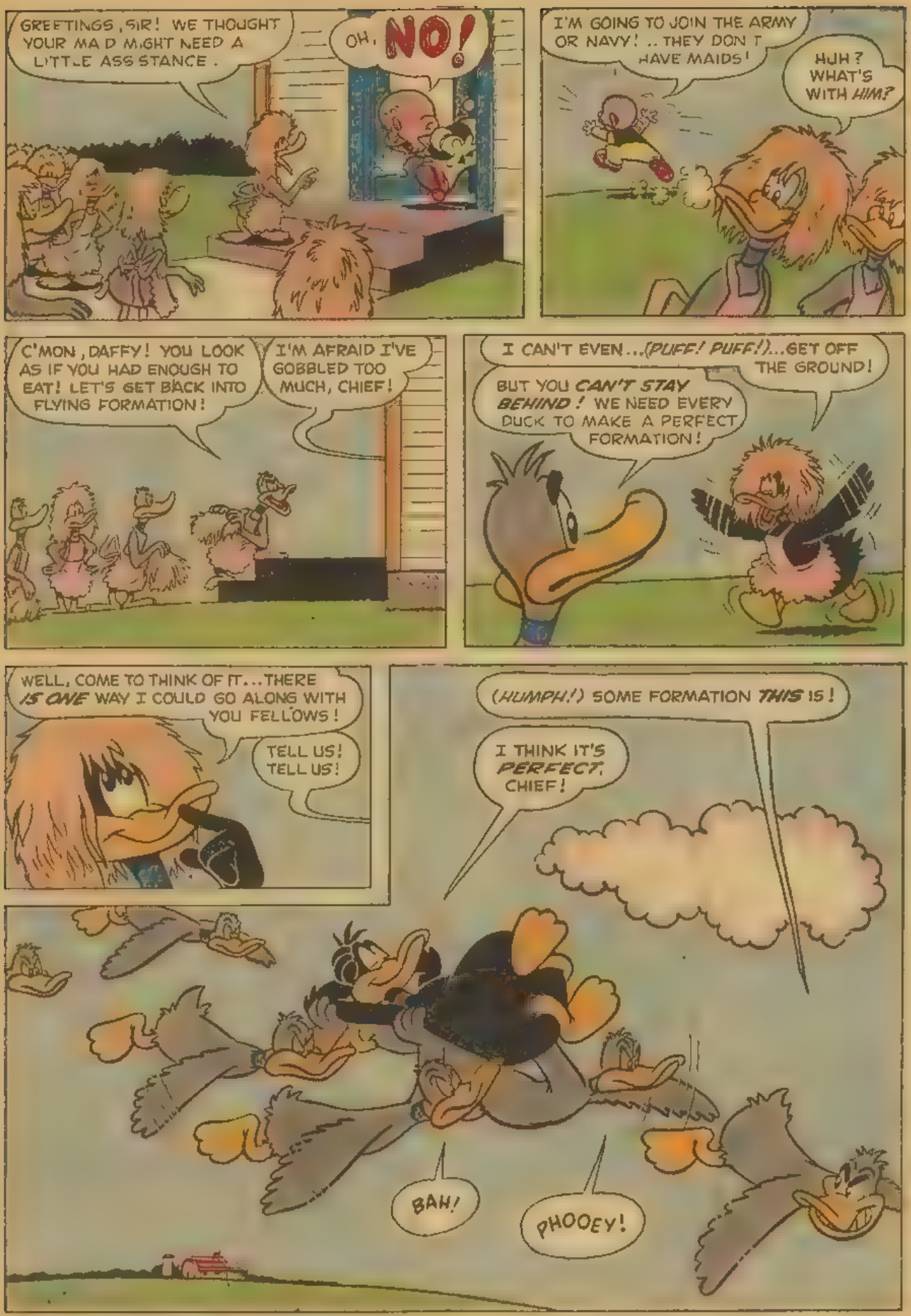
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT
DAFFY
DAFFY! YOU'RE OUT OF STEP AND LAGGING BEHIND!
SORRY, CHIEF, BUT I'M GETTING WEAK FROM HUNGER!
YOU'RE ALWAYS HUNGRY, AND YOU'RE ALWAYS FOWLING UP OUR FORMATION!
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BREAKING FORMATION?
BE RIGHT BACK, CHIEF! I HAVE TO TAKE MY LUNCH HOUR NOW!
AH! THERE IT IS! THE FUDD RESIDENCE! HOME OF THE BULGING ICEBOX!
SWISH!
HEY! WHAT IS THIS?
IT'S AN AIR RAID... ON YOUR ICEBOX!
WOO-WOO!


OH, NO, YOU DON'T, YOU BWASH INTWUDER!
DOWN, BAT BOY
HELICOPTERING IS MY LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT!
SWISH!
SWISH!
TWICKY TWICKSTER WASCAL!
ZOOM!
SMASH!
I CAN GO LIKE A JET, TOO!
BAM!
CRASH!
BIFF!
SPLINTER!
HMM! MAYBE I'D BETTER SCRAM BEFORE FUDDSY ACCIDENTALLY HITS ME!
THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO GET AT HIS GRUB! I DON'T HAVE THE ENERGY FOR ANY MORE OF THAT!
DWAT THAT DUCK! I NEED A MAID TO CLEAN UP EVERYTIME HE COMES AWOUND!
MAID! HMM... A PLOT THICKENS!
AND SOON...
RING!
RING!
THAT MUST BE THE MAILMAN! HE ALWAYS W.NGS TWICE!

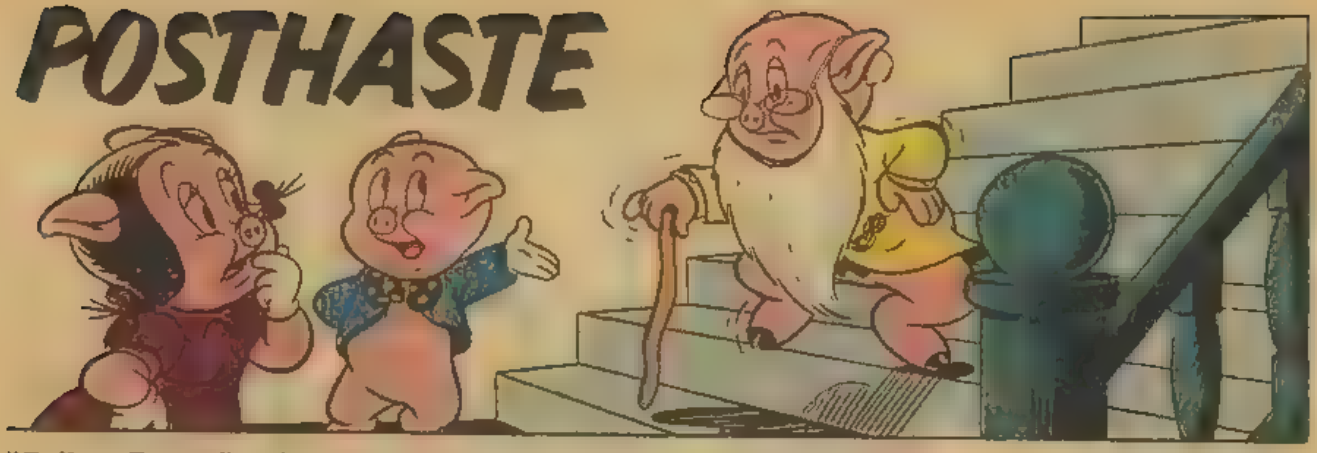

WHY...IT'S A LETTER FWOM A LAWYER! I'M GOING TO WECEIVE AN INHERITANCE!
IT'LL BE DELIVERED TO ME AT ONE O'CLOCK!
ONE O'CLOCK IS ONLY A MINUTE AWAY, BUT I CAN HARDLY WAIT!
I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG, EITHER; SO I'LL COME EARLY!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
AH! THAT MUST BE THE MESSENGER WITH MY INHERITANCE!
WELL, WHERE IS IT?
I'M IT, CHUM! YOU'VE INHERITED A MAID!
I'M A COOK, TOO!
HMM! THAT VOICE! THAT BEAK! IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT LONG HAIR...
COME HERE, MAID! I WANT TO TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT YOU!
DAPHINE IS THE NAME!
OOPS! SOWWY, DAPHINE! I EXPECTED TO SEE A BARE HEAD UNDER THERE!
HEH! GOOD THING I CAME WITH TWO MOPS OF HAIR!
WELL, HOW ABOUT TIDYING UP MY LIVING WOOM BEFORE YOU FIX DINNER?
IF YOU INSIST, SIR!


SAY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
A FAST TIDY UP, SIR!
THERE NOW! ALL YOUR JUNK IS NEATLY BUNDLED OUT OF THE WAY!
OH, MY! I HOPE YOU'RE BETTER THAN THIS AT COOKING!
AT COOK NG I M A WHIZ!
FIX PLENTY! I'M QUITE HUNGWY!
WOO-WOO!
AT LAST.. COMPLETE FREEDOM WITH FUDD'S FOOD!
A LITTLE LATER...
DAPHINE! WHERE IS MY DINNER?
ER... COMING, SIR!
THIS IS MY DINNER? ONE BLACK-EYED PEA AND A BONE?!
WE FANCY CHEFS ALWAYS SAMPLE OUR STUFF WHILE COOKING! I GUESS I OVERDID IT!
THEN COOK SOME MORE! I'M HUNGWY!
YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, MASTER!
HEH! I MAY NEVER HAVE THIS CHANCE AGAIN, SO I'D BETTER GO WHOLE HOG AND STORE UP A RESERVE IN MY BUSY LITTLE TUMMY!


AND MEANWHILE...
DAFFY SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW! HE'S HAD TIME FOR A DOZEN LUNCHES!
YES! AND I'M TIRED OF SEEING A VACANT SPOT IN OUR FORMATION!
THERE'S THE PLACE WHERE HE USUALLY GOES TO EAT!
LET'S GO GET HIM!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
NO DUCKS ALLOWED! I'M HAVING ENOUGH TWOUBLE WITH MY MAID.
(HUMPH!) HOW COULD DAFFY GET IN HERE?
SLAM!
LOOK! THAT'S DAFFY IN THE KITCHEN... WEARING A DISGUISE!
SO THAT'S IT!
SAY! ISN'T MY DINNER...
OH, NO! YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN... TASTED THE COOKERY ALL UP!
I BAKED A NICE CAKE THIS TIME, TOO!
SNIFF! NOW I KNOW WHY MAIDS ARE CONSIDERED A LUXURY...
...IT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE SO EXPENSIVE TO FEED!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
EH? THE DOOR AGAIN!


GREETINGS, SIR! WE THOUGHT YOUR MA'D MIGHT NEED A LITTLE ASSISTANCE.
OH, NO!
I'M GOING TO JOIN THE ARMY OR NAVY! .. THEY DON'T HAVE MAIDS!
HUH? WHAT'S WITH HIM?
C'MON, DAFFY! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD ENOUGH TO EAT! LET'S GET BACK INTO FLYING FORMATION!
I'M AFRAID I'VE GOBBLED TOO MUCH, CHIEF!
I CAN'T EVEN...(PUFF! PUFF!)...GET OFF THE GROUND!
BUT YOU CAN'T STAY BEHIND! WE NEED EVERY DUCK TO MAKE A PERFECT FORMATION!
WELL, COME TO THINK OF IT...THERE IS ONE WAY I COULD GO ALONG WITH YOU FELLOWS!
TELL US! TELL US!
(HUMPH!) SOME FORMATION THIS IS!
I THINK IT'S PERFECT, CHIEF!
BAH!
PHOOEY!

POSTHASTE



"Golly, Cicero," whispered Porky as he peeked out the window, "here comes Petunia — and she looks like she's mad!"

"I guess it's about that letter you found in your pocket this morning that you were supposed to mail for her three weeks ago!" replied Cicero.

"That's what I'm afraid of," murmured Porky, glancing nervously about the living room. "I've got to hide somewhere until she cools down, but where and how?"

"Quick!" shouted Cicero, shoving Porky toward the stairs. "Up in the attic there's a false beard I wore in the school play last June. Maybe she won't recognize you if you wear that. I'll tell her you're my grandfather," he added, just as Petunia knocked loudly on the front door.

While Porky raced up the stairs two at a time, Cicero drew a deep breath and slowly crossed the room.

"Why, Petunia!" Cicero exclaimed in an overly-cheerful voice as he opened the door. "What a pleasant surprise! Porky isn't here, but —"

"Well, then," interrupted Petunia, settling down firmly on the sofa, "I'll wait. He won't be gone too long, will he?"

"Oh, no, he's right up — er — that is, I'm not sure just when . . ." Cicero stammered uncomfortably.

Just at that moment Porky came downstairs, almost completely hidden behind a long white beard and a pair of old-fashioned spectacles. "Harumph!" he muttered, wiggling his snowy whiskers.

"Oh, yes," cried Cicero, nervously. "This is my — er — grandfather."

"Why, you never mentioned your grandfather to me before!" exclaimed Petunia.

"Well, he's a very *distant* relative," replied Cicero in great confusion. "He is my grandfather on my great-aunt's side!"

"Goodness," cried Petunia. "That sounds terribly complicated!"

"Ahem!" asked Porky himself. "Why did you want to see Porky?" He was very anxious to change the subject, for he could see that Cicero would soon make some mistake that would give away their secret.

"I wanted to see if he mailed an order I gave him a few weeks ago for a new dress I saw in a magazine," she explained, "or if he forgot it in his coat pocket. He's very apt to do things like that."

"Who? Porky?" asked the disguised Porky in a very offended voice. "Why, I'm sure he would always be *most dependable*. I can almost guarantee that my grandson —"

"Your grandson!" exclaimed Petunia and turned to Cicero in total perplexity. "I thought you said this gentleman was *your* grandfather!"

"Why — er — oh dear, what shall I say, Porky?" asked Cicero and then gasped in dismay at having given Porky away.

"So that's it!" laughed Petunia. "Hiding from me behind those whiskers! I'll bet you really *did* forget to mail that letter! Well, there's no need to hide from me about it," she continued as Porky quickly turned pink with embarrassment. "I was hoping you hadn't mailed it, because I've changed my mind about the dress."

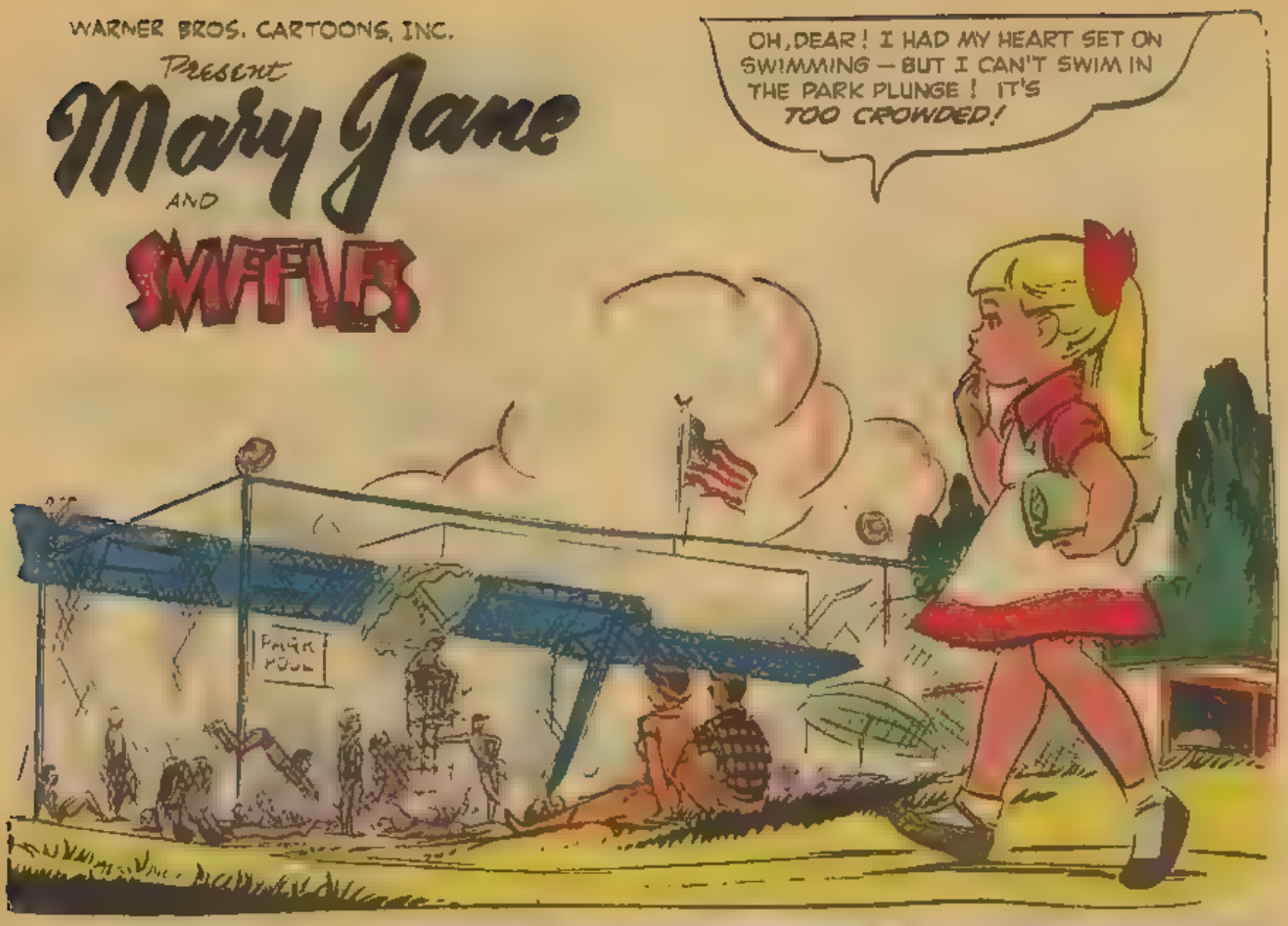
"You see!" cried Porky. "I felt it in my bones that you didn't want that dress!"

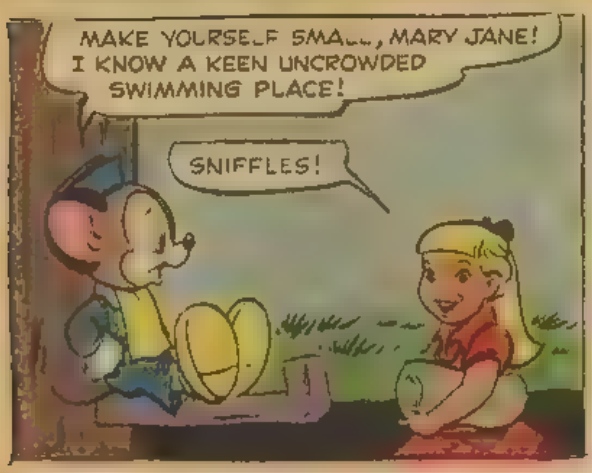
"I doubt that," giggled Petunia gaily, as she walked over and jerked off Porky's false beard with a flourish. "But I *know* you felt it in your whiskers!"

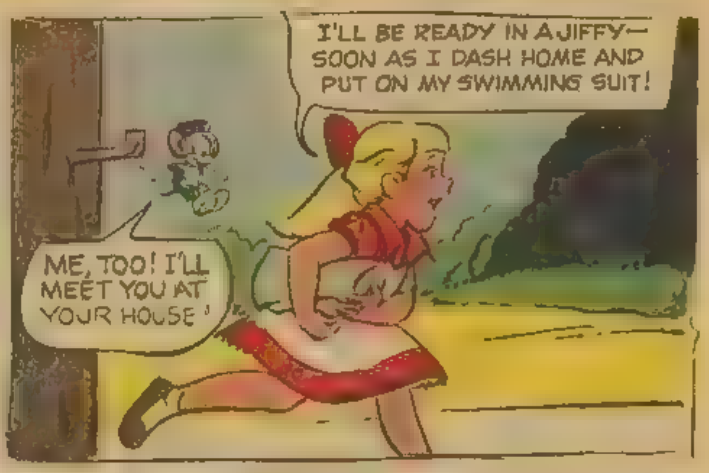
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

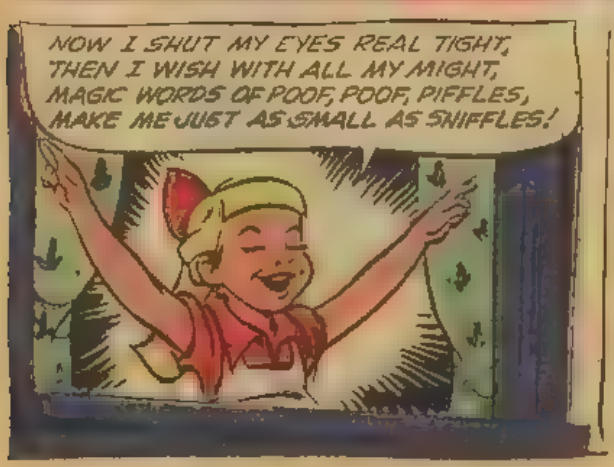
Present

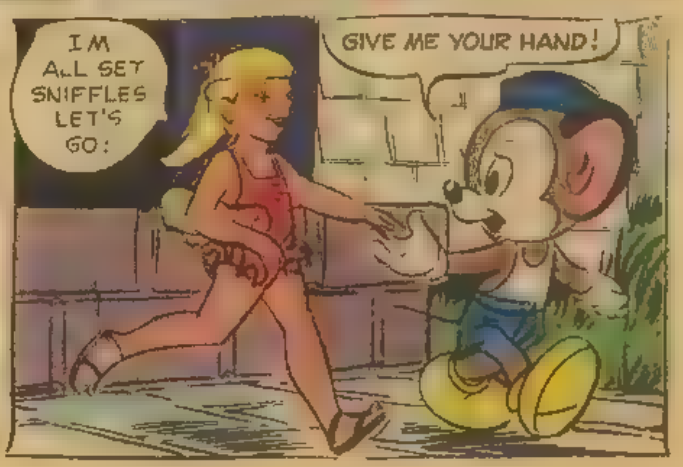
Mary Jane AND SNIFFLES



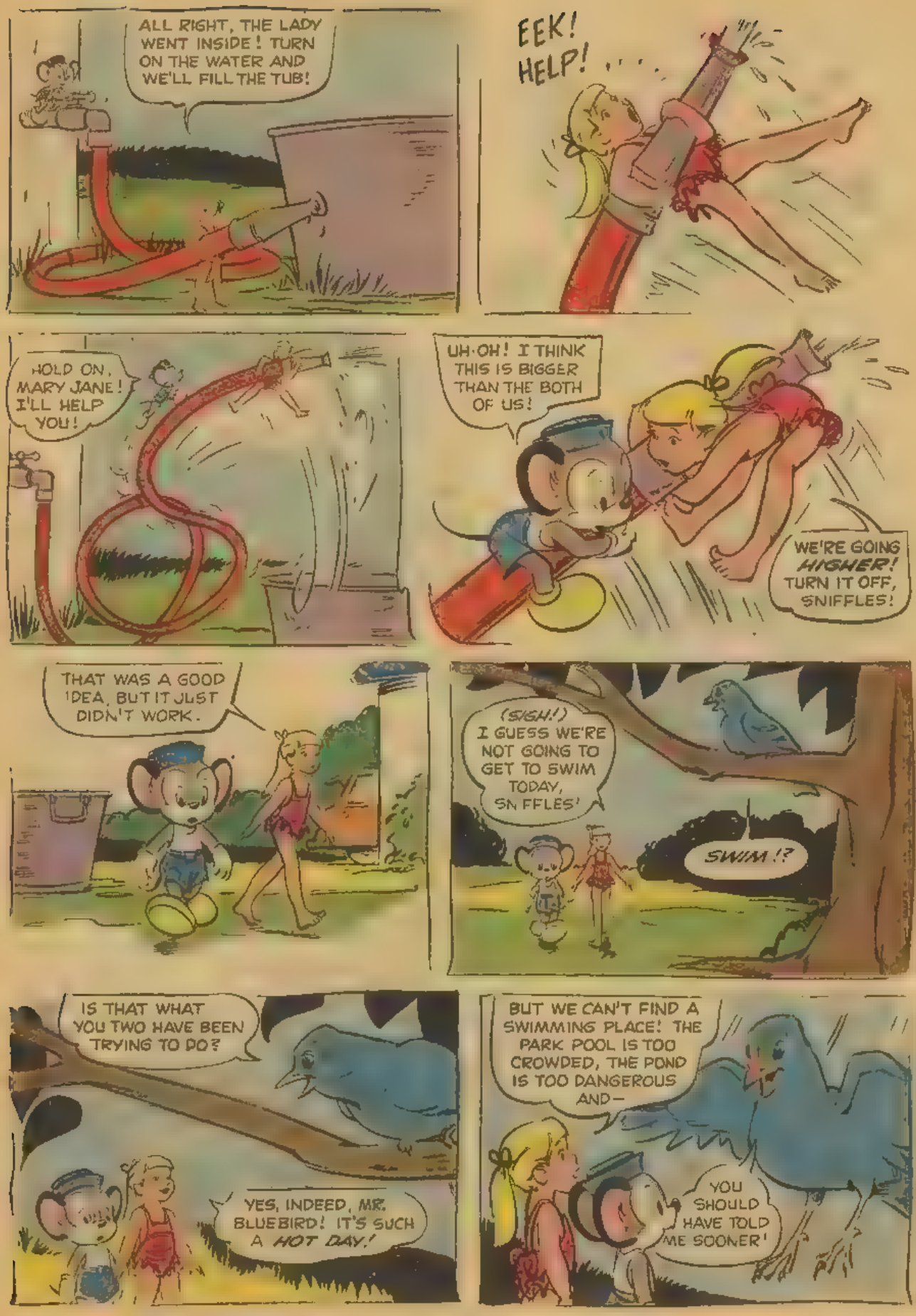


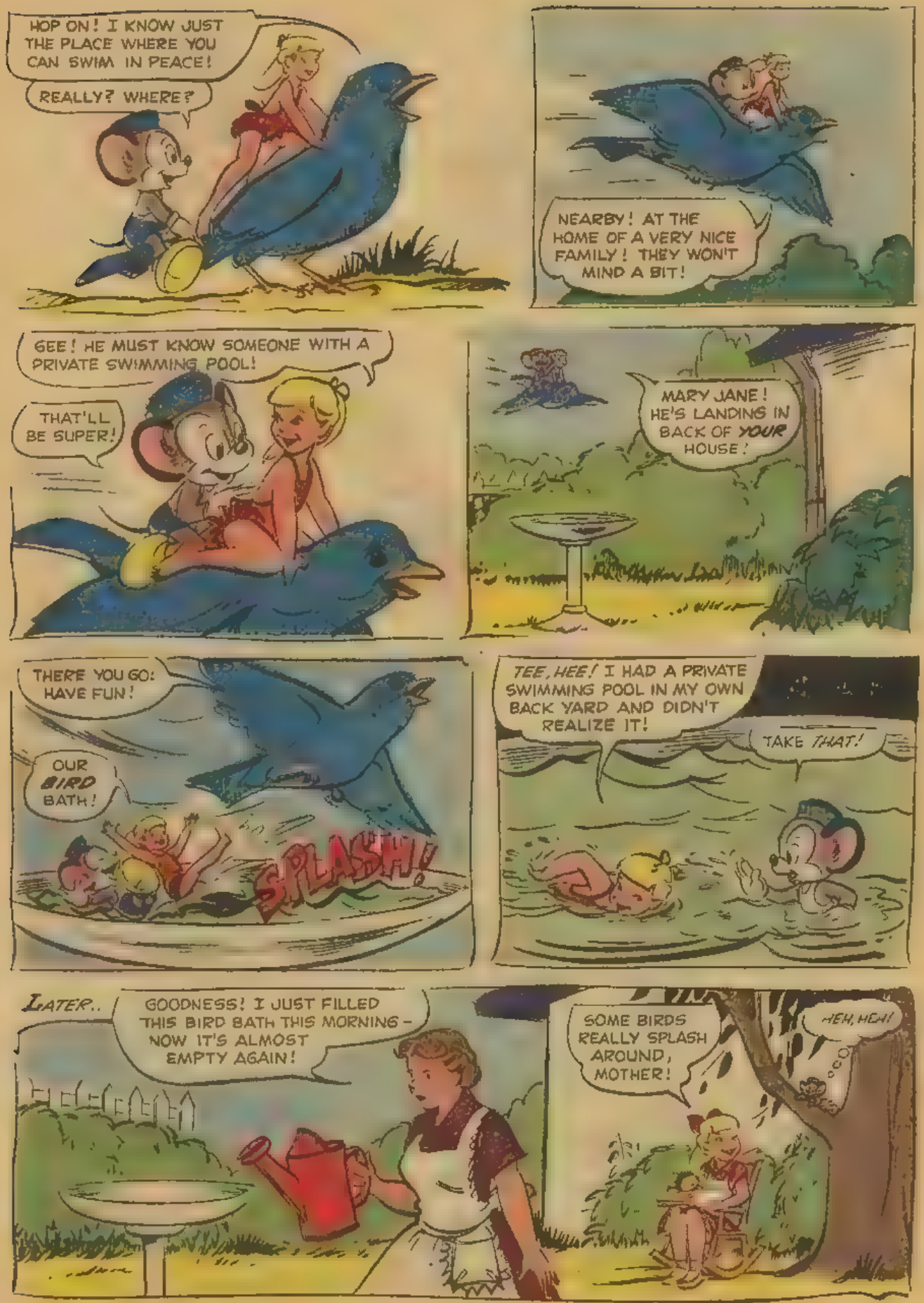



NOW I SHUT MY EYES REAL TIGHT, THEN I WISH WITH ALL MY MIGHT, MAGIC WORDS OF POOF, POOF, PIFFLES, MAKE ME JUST AS SMALL AS SNIFFLES!

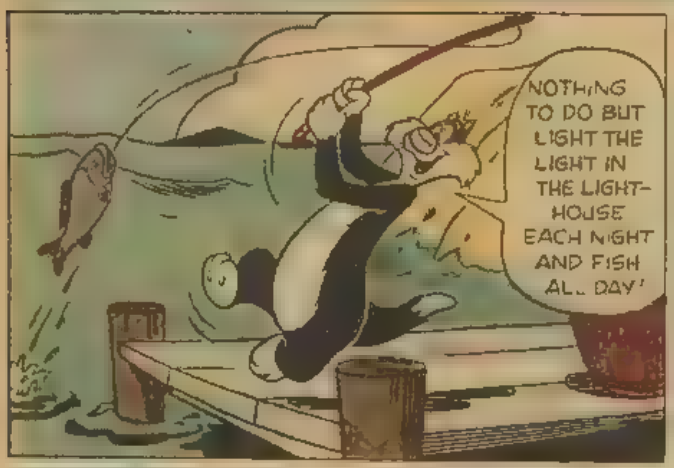


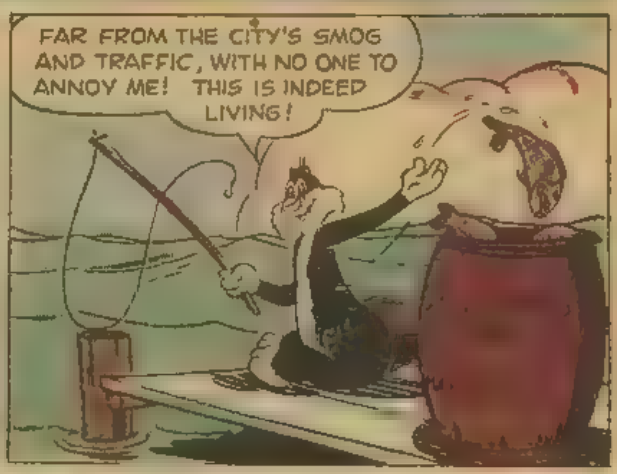
SHORTLY...
LUCKY MR BLUEBIRD CAME ALONG TO GIVE US A LIFT!
WHEE! THIS BEATS WALKING!
DROP US OFF IN THIS POND, MR. BLUEBIRD!
THIS LOOKS WONDERFUL, SNIFFLES!
THE WHOLE PLACE TO OURSELVES!
YEEK! NOT QUITE TO OURSELVES!
SWIM, SNIFFLES! SWIM!
THOSE BIG BASS LOOK HUNGRY!
AND WE'RE BITE... ER, BAIT-SIZE!
IT'S TOO BAD THEY HAD TO SPOIL OUR FUN!
BUT MAYBE WE CAN FIND ANOTHER SWIMMING PLACE, SNIFFLES!
WE HAVE! LOOK!
A WASH TUB AND A HOSE! COME ON!

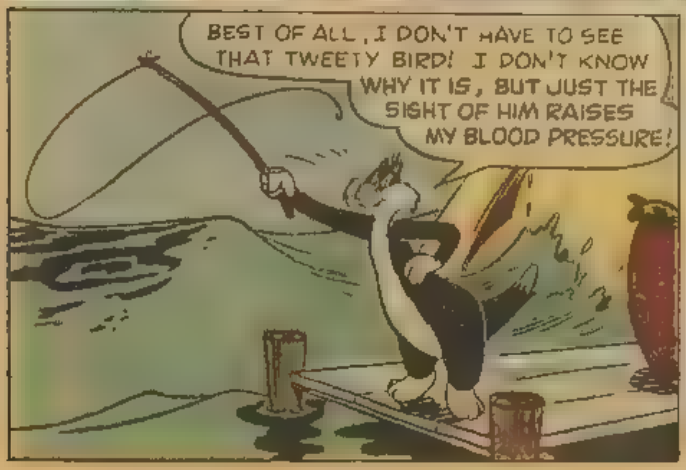

ALL RIGHT, THE LADY WENT INSIDE! TURN ON THE WATER AND WE'LL FILL THE TUB!
EEK! HELP!
HOLD ON, MARY JANE! I'LL HELP YOU!
UH-OH! I THINK THIS IS BIGGER THAN THE BOTH OF US!
WE'RE GOING HIGHER! TURN IT OFF, SNIFFLES!
THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA, BUT IT JUST DIDN'T WORK.
(SIGH!) I GUESS WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET TO SWIM TODAY, SNIFFLES!
SWIM!?
IS THAT WHAT YOU TWO HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DO?
YES, INDEED, MR. BLUEBIRD! IT'S SUCH A HOT DAY!
BUT WE CAN'T FIND A SWIMMING PLACE! THE PARK POOL IS TOO CROWDED, THE POND IS TOO DANGEROUS AND—
YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME SOONER!

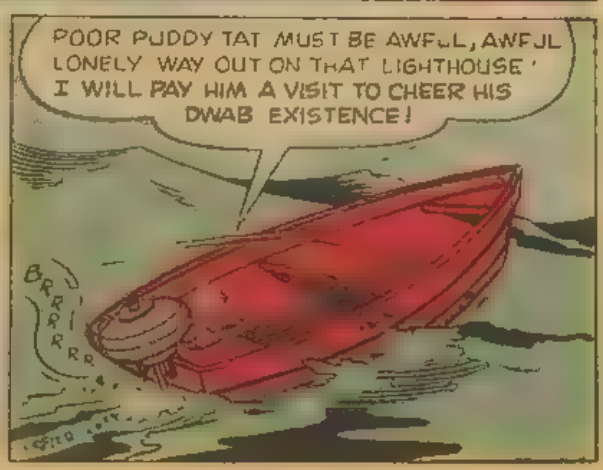

HOP ON! I KNOW JUST THE PLACE WHERE YOU CAN SWIM IN PEACE!
REALLY? WHERE?
NEARBY! AT THE HOME OF A VERY NICE FAMILY! THEY WON'T MIND A BIT!
GEE! HE MUST KNOW SOMEONE WITH A PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL!
THAT'LL BE SUPER!
MARY JANE! HE'S LANDING IN BACK OF YOUR HOUSE!
THERE YOU GO! HAVE FUN!
OUR BIRD BATH!
SPLASH!!
TEE, HEE! I HAD A PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL IN MY OWN BACK YARD AND DIDN'T REALIZE IT!
TAKE THAT!
LATER..
GOODNESS! I JUST FILLED THIS BIRD BATH THIS MORNING – NOW IT'S ALMOST EMPTY AGAIN!
SOME BIRDS REALLY SPLASH AROUND, MOTHER!
HEH, HEH!

TWEETY and SYLVESTER



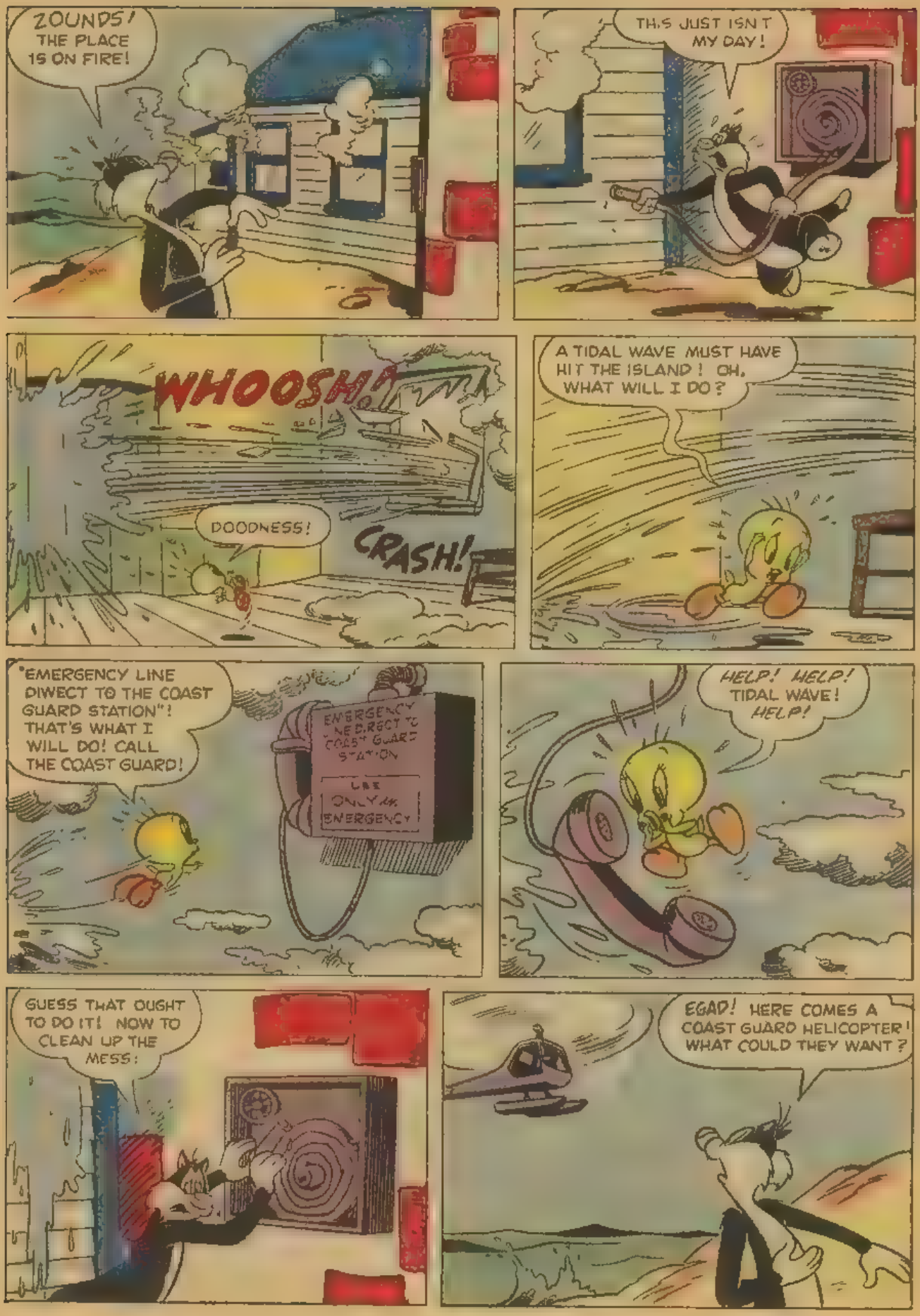





POOR PUDDY TAT MUST BE AWFUL, AWFUL LONELY WAY OUT ON THAT LIGHTHOUSE! I WILL PAY HIM A VISIT TO CHEER HIS DWAB EXISTENCE!
BRRRRR

EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE HAD OUR DIFFEWENCES OF OPINION, I THINK HE WOULD BE GLAD TO SEE MY HAPPY WITTLE FACE!
WELL, I THINK I HAVE ENOUGH FISH FOR TODAY!... HMM! I HEAR A MOTORBOAT APPROACHING!
ERRRRRRRR
EGAD! THERE DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE ANYONE OPERATING IT... AND IT'S HEADED RIGHT FOR MY ISLAND!
ZOUNDS! I MUST HEAD IT OFF BEFORE IT CRASHES INTO THE PIER!
I WILL LEAP ONTO THE BOAT AS IT PASSES AND STOP IT! THEN PICK UP MY BOAT!
STEADY AS SHE GOES, SYLVESTER! THE SEA IS A BIT CHOPPISH!
OF COURSE, EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO STAND UP IN BOATS...
OOPS!
. THEY FALL IN THE DRINK!
SPLOSH!

OH, DOODY! I'M HEADED WIGHT FOR THE PIER! I'LL TURN THE MOTOR OFF AND COAST THE WEST OF THE WAY!
PERFECT!
BUMP!
SAY, THERE'S PUDDY TAT OUT THERE CLIMBING INTO THAT BOAT! HE MUST HAVE BEEN ENJOYING A DIP IN THE BWINY DEEP!
I WILL GO UP TO THE LIGHTHOUSE AND SURPWISE HIM WHEN HE WETURNS!
HEE, HEE!
MOMENTS LATER...
GAD! WHAT A MISERABLE SUCCESSION OF MISHAPS! THAT BLASTED BOAT KNOCKED MY FISH INTO THE WATER!
THINGS LIKE THIS ALWAYS USED TO HAPPEN WHEN THAT TWEETY BIRD WAS AROUND! I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE WERE *REALLY* AROUND!
BR-R!
PUDDY TAT WILL APPWECIATE A NICE WARM FIRE AFTER HIS DIP! IT'S CHILLY TODAY!
DOODNESS! THE DAMPER MUST BE CLOSED!
COFF! COFF!


ZOUNDS! THE PLACE IS ON FIRE!
THIS JUST ISN'T MY DAY!
WHOOSH!
DOODNESS!
CRASH!
A TIDAL WAVE MUST HAVE HIT THE ISLAND! OH, WHAT WILL I DO?
"EMERGENCY LINE DIRECT TO THE COAST GUARD STATION"! THAT'S WHAT I WILL DO! CALL THE COAST GUARD!
EMERGENCY DIRECT TO COAST GUARD STATION
USE ONLY IN EMERGENCY
HELP! HELP! TIDAL WAVE! HELP!
GUESS THAT OUGHT TO DO IT! NOW TO CLEAN UP THE MESS!
EGAD! HERE COMES A COAST GUARD HELICOPTER! WHAT COULD THEY WANT?

HEY, SYLVESTER! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A TIDAL WAVE?
T-TIDAL WAVE ?
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A TIDAL WAVE! THERE WAS A SLIGHT CONFLAGRATION WHICH I SUCCEEDED IN EXTINGUISHING!
??
OH, HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE! THAT'S A DOOD ONE ON US, PUDDY TAT!
I BUILDED A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE AND YOU THOUGHT THE HOUSE WAS BURNING DOWN! AND I THOUGHT THE WATER FWOM THE HOSE WAS A TIDAL WAVE!
HEE, HEE, HEE! ISN'T THAT A SCWEAM?
EEYAAA HA HA HAAAAA!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
GEE! I GUESS MY VISIT DID CHEER PUDDY TAT UP! HE'S SO HAPPY HE'S GONE FOR ANOTHER DIP!

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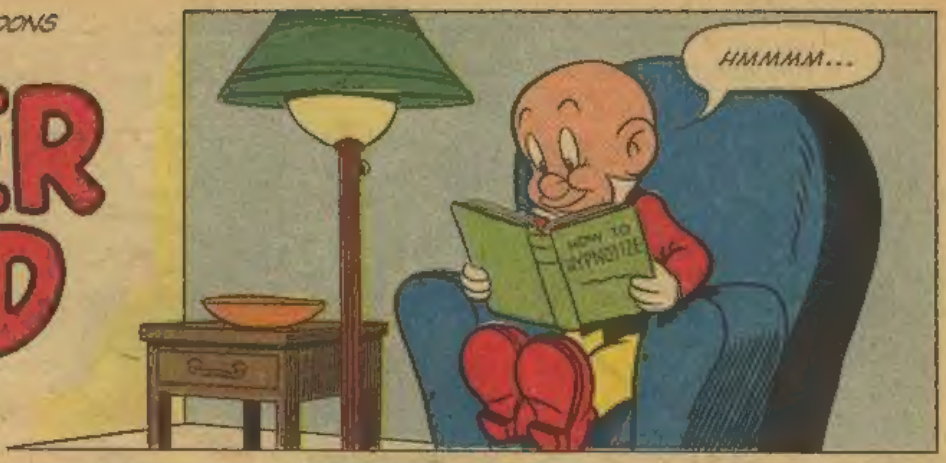

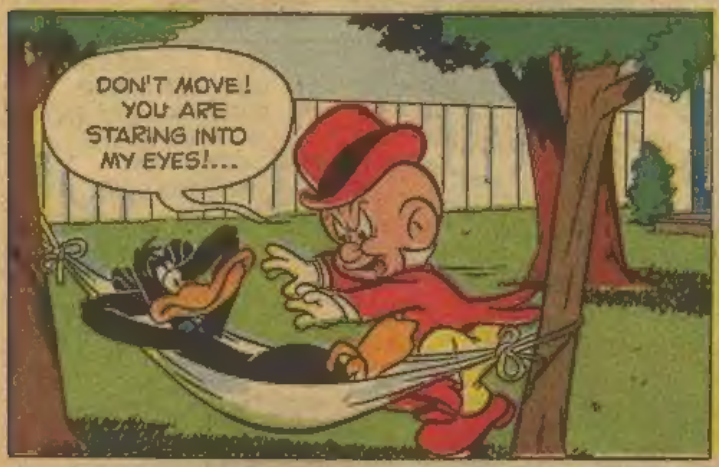

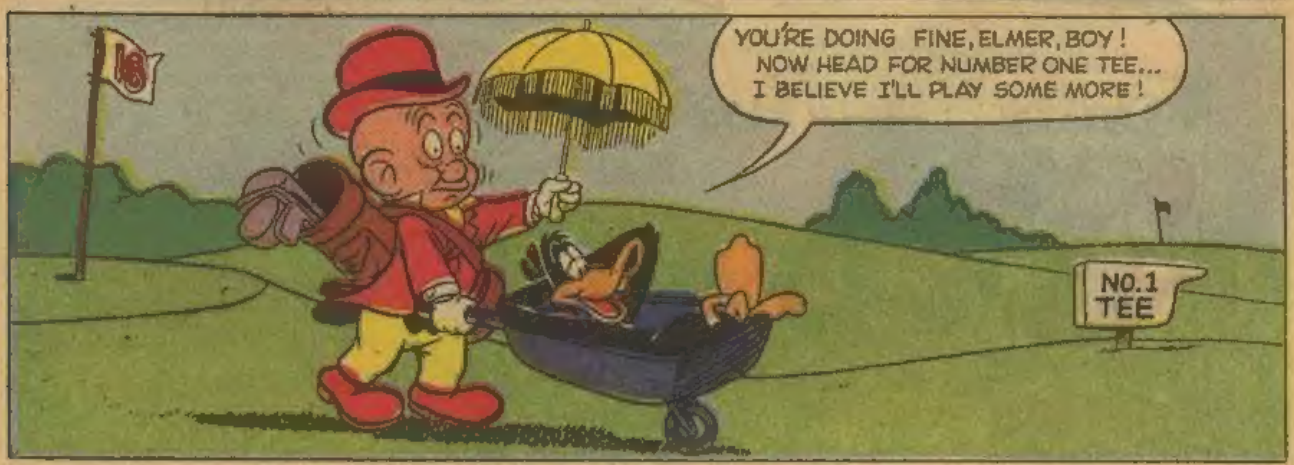

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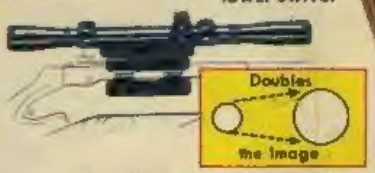

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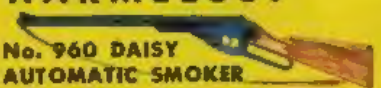

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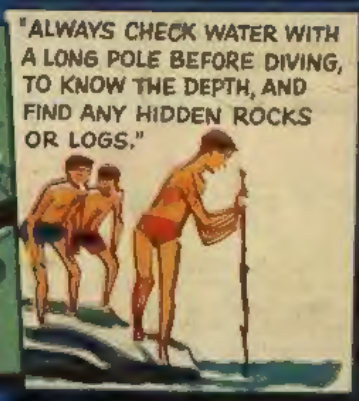
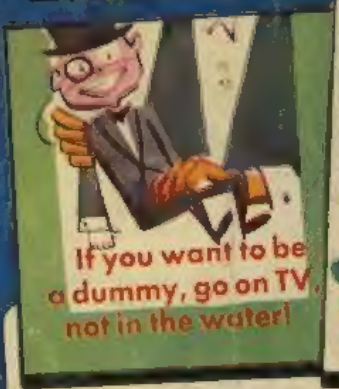
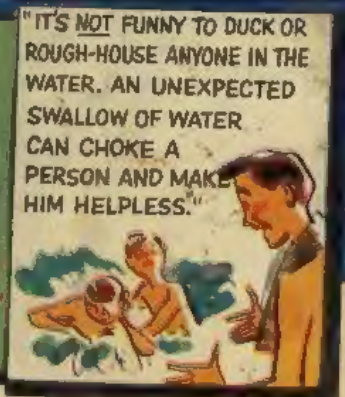
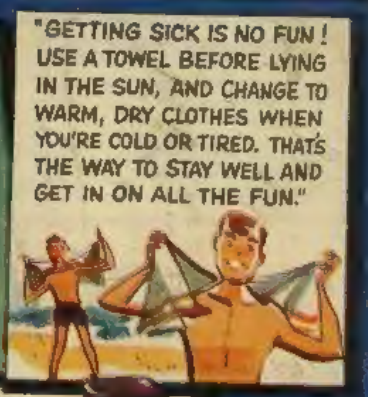
by Bill Wisdom






"IT'S NOT FUNNY TO DUCK OR ROUGH-HOUSE ANYONE IN THE WATER. AN UNEXPECTED SWALLOW OF WATER CAN CHOKE A PERSON AND MAKE HIM HELPLESS."


"GETTING SICK IS NO FUN! USE A TOWEL BEFORE LYING IN THE SUN, AND CHANGE TO WARM, DRY CLOTHES WHEN YOU'RE COLD OR TIRED. THAT'S THE WAY TO STAY WELL AND GET IN ON ALL THE FUN."

PLAY THIS SMART, TOO! Remind your Mom that JUICY FRUIT GUM is a healthful treat that won't spoil your appetite. Tell her to get some and keep plenty on hand.